

# THE LIVING AGE.

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THE VAULT.  
After Sedgemoor.

You need not call at the Inn,  
I have ordered my bed:  
Fair linen sheets therein  
And a tester of lead,  
No musty fusty scents  
Like inn chambers keep,  
But tapestried with content  
And hung with sleep.

My inn door bears no bar  
Set up against fear.  
The guests have journeyed far,  
They are glad to be here.  
Where the damp arch curves up gray,  
Long, long shall we lie;  
Good King's men all are they,  
A King's man I.

Old Giles, in his stone asleep,  
Fought at Poitiers.  
Piers, Ralph and Roger keep  
The spoil of their fighting years.  
I shall lie with my folk at last  
In a quiet bed;  
I shall dream of my sword held fast  
In a round-capped head.

Good tale of men all told  
My inn affords;  
And their hands peace shall hold  
That once held swords.  
And we who rode and ran  
On many a loyal quest  
Shall find the goal of man  
A bed, and rest.

We shall not stand to the toast  
Of love or king;  
We shall be all too tired to boast  
About anything.  
We be dumb that did jest and sing;  
We rest who labored and warred . . .  
Shout once, shout once for the King.  
Shout once for the sword!

*E. Nesbit.*

THE DREAMS.

When I am sleeping I go in dreams  
Far from the children and the man  
beside.  
I meet with the dead and talk, nor  
strange it seems,  
Since I have forgotten that they ever  
died.

They come in so quietly, the loved and  
lost,

There is so much to say in a short  
while.

Nowise strange it is that a dear ghost  
Should be as the living and be glad  
and smile.

In the old garden we go hand in hand.  
When friends are long parted there  
is much to say,  
Much to be explaining and to under-  
stand.

We walk in old gardens in a long-  
dead May.

Breasting the hill we go: we skirt the  
wheat,

By houses and gardens I never  
knew.

All too fast the time goes when old  
friends meet.

Sure, I was starved for you, and you,  
and you.

Was I forgetting, then, the patient  
dead?

Mercy of mercies that in dreams they  
live!

They come seeking and finding me up-  
on my bed.

In dreams they comfort me, in  
dreams forgive.

They come to me in my dreams, not  
cold and lone.

Oh, never sad ghosts they come to  
fret my sleep,

But just as I knew them in the days  
long gone.

When I wake from my dreams I  
wake to weep.

*Katharine Tynan.*

The Spectator.

MATERNITY.

One wept whose only child was dead,  
New-born, ten years ago.

"Weep not; he is in bliss," they said.  
She answered, "Even so.

"Ten years ago was born in pain  
A child, not now forlorn.

But oh, ten years ago, in vain,  
A mother, a mother was born."

*Alice Meynell.*

## A PLEA FOR HOME RULE FROM THE PROTESTANT STANDPOINT.

There is one expression that I observe Sir Edward Carson often uses, which to us Englishmen requires a little explanation. The actual words are: "I shall never advise those who trust me to give up what is their elementary right of citizenship, their place in the United Kingdom." If it was proposed to set up a Home Rule Government in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Hampshire, or any other county which has, ever since the days of the Hephtharchy, been governed from Westminster, the expression could easily be understood, but when applied to the Protestants of Ulster, is it not liable to cause confusion of thought? No one knows better than the speaker that the Protestants of Ulster were governed from Dublin until about 112 years ago. Then England made the experiment of governing Ireland from Westminster, with the view of making the Irish more loyal, but we have since recognized the mistake made in 1801, and it is now proposed to revert to the old plan of governing the whole of Ireland from Dublin. Instead of Irishmen becoming more loyal to England, because she was governed from Westminster by unimaginative Saxons, who have little, if anything, in common with the highly imaginative Celts, she unquestionably became so disloyal that, in the event of a big war, she might have seriously crippled us. Even during the late war in South Africa some Irishmen actually joined our enemies, and when the news of a British disaster reached England, Irish Members of Parliament spontaneously cheered! It is a little difficult to see how it would be possible to exceed this action in disloyalty to the Empire, but then we Teutons are always being

told that we are a dull, unimaginative lot, and so possibly we may have misunderstood their motives, and perhaps they were really showing their loyalty! There was an officer I once knew who said that when his dog engaged in a fight, he always beat him, in the hope that he would put forth extra effort to defeat his foe! Possibly these Irishmen joined the Boers through a spirit of loyalty, so as to make the English fight more strenuously! Certainly Irishmen have a strange way of exhibiting their loyalty, for Sir Edward Carson has also announced that on the day the King signs the Act of Parliament legalizing Home Rule, he will show his loyalty to his King and country by heading an army of rebels to fight against the King's troops and all constitutional authority. It is obvious that we dull Saxons do not understand the working of the brains of either the Protestants in the North, or the Roman Catholics in the South, so it was very foolish of us to have ever attempted to govern them. The only thing that we shall have succeeded in doing is to make four-fifths of the nation disloyal if we do not restore their own Government to them, and the remaining one-fifth disloyal if we do take this step, so we are indeed on the horns of a dilemma!

The Parliament which sat in Dublin was composed of Protestants, but before the transfer to Westminster took place, the franchise was extended to Roman Catholics, showing that the Protestants of Ireland had at that time no fear of their countrymen who were not of their own faith. But so far from the Protestants of Ulster having any "elementary right" to be governed from Westminster, it is all

the other way, and the only right that they can claim is to be governed from Dublin by their own countrymen, and this is a claim that not only many Roman Catholics, but also many Protestants are now making. It is not so much a question between Roman Catholics on the one hand, and the Protestants on the other, but it is a question as to whether the Protestants of 1914 are better judges than the Protestants of 1801, who were at that time so strongly opposed to the transfer of the seat of Government from Dublin to Westminster. There is apparently no question but that the Orangemen throughout Ireland of over a hundred years ago were opposed to this transfer, and the subsequent history of their country proves them to have been in the right. I have not only served a good deal in all parts of Ireland, dating as far back as forty years ago, but I have served with Roman Catholic officers and men in all parts of the Empire. I have had them over me, I have served with them as equals, and I have had them under me; and I have no hesitation in saying that they are just as loyal to the King and to the Empire as we Protestants, and that there must be something very wrong about our administration to have made some act in such a way as even to appear to be disloyal to that flag for which so many of them have died in every part of the Empire.

I submit that the instincts of the Protestants of 1801 were right when they opposed the transfer of the seat of government to Westminster. Under any circumstances it is difficult for one country to take over the government of another, but when a great distinction in temperament as well as in religion exists between the governed and the governors, it is practically an impossibility, and this fact appears to have been thoroughly rec-

ognized by the Protestants of 1801. Before leaving the subject I will just quote a brief passage from Mr. J. C. Swift MacNeill, K.C., M.P., which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* of November 25th, 1913:—

"At the time of the Union, no Orange Lodge could be prevailed on to pass a resolution in its favor. Few things are more curious than the many Orange resolutions protesting against the Union. The Grand Lodge was accused of having betrayed the country under the influence of a few great place-holders. Representatives of thirty-six Orange Lodges assembled in Armagh declared that it made no difference whether the Constitution was robbed by open and avowed enemies or by pretended friends; and the representatives of thirteen Orange Lodges in the County of Fermanagh echoed this language. After 1800, but before Catholic Emancipation was enacted, declarations that the Union was a disastrous measure came from the Orange camp."

The Protestants of 1914, or rather a certain section of them, for they are by no means unanimous, do not appear to exhibit the same far-sightedness as their ancestors. A great many of them are being made mere cats-paws by designing politicians, who apparently do not care a straw for religion or for Protestantism, but who recognize the strong, devout religious principle of these splendid Ulster Protestants. Having failed to turn out the Government on the Insurance Bill or on the Welsh Church Bill, they turn to Ireland and try to play on the religious fears of Ulster by telling them that Home Rule merely spells out Rome Rule, and thus they try to enlist these simple Protestants to bring on a civil war with the ultimate hope of turning out the Government, which is the real object they have at heart. The cause of true Protestantism, as our ancestors understood it, is being betrayed, and in its place we



hear the empty Protestant drum being loudly beaten by mere politicians who have suddenly sprung to the front in their newborn zeal to see Protestantism maintained! It is remarkably strange how little we heard of the connection of Sir Edward Carson or "Galloper" F. E. Smith, M.P., with any religious movement, whether Protestant or otherwise, before they suddenly arose to seize the reins of this stalking horse, on which they hope to outpace rival politicians on the road to victory.

Speaking as a Protestant, I feel no hesitation in saying that I believe that the Orangemen of over a hundred years ago were more far-sighted than their descendants, who are thus being misled by clever politicians. Far from Home Rule being but a synonymous phrase for Rome Rule, it would appear that the evidence points in the entirely opposite direction. I have travelled about a good deal on the Continent, and I have heard in such countries as Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium, where Roman Catholics have Home Rule, far stronger language used against the Pope and the priests of Rome than I have ever heard in England. If we consider such countries as Italy, Spain, and Portugal, which at one time were very priest-ridden, we shall find that, so far from the sway of the priest being accepted, there is a very strong lay body absolutely opposed to all sacerdotal claims of any sort. In every Roman Catholic country in which I have travelled I have invariably found the laity divided into two parties, one favoring the claims of the priests, and the other bitterly opposed. How is it that in Ireland alone of all Roman Catholic countries we should find the mass of the people united in support of the priest? It is because Ireland has been misgoverned and trampled down by the iron heel of a strong but unsympathetic Protestant country. Remove

that iron heel, and restore to Ireland her "elementary rights," and we shall find, sooner or later, that in Ireland, as in all other countries, there will be a division in the camp among the Roman Catholics, and then Protestants, if they are wise, will be able to throw their support on the side of that party which resists the tyranny of the priests, and so may yet become the leaders of a Young Ireland, as we see the intelligent party, under the very nose of the Pope, leading a Young Italy. Some of us are old enough to remember the horrors of Italy when under the old rule of the priests. The late Lord Salisbury, though a High Churchman himself, once remarked that the worst governed State in Europe was one governed by priests. It is difficult to believe that if the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland ever get the government of the country into their own hands, they will tolerate the ignorance that now exists, which is, of course, a fruitful soil on which sacerdotal claims and superstitions flourish. The educated laity of every other nation is rejecting the claims of the priest, and it is difficult to see why Ireland should be an exception to the rule which governs all the others. It has, however, been asserted that the Irish are too much under the domination of their priests to permit them ever to strike out an independent path for themselves. But is there any proof for such an assertion? Is the evidence not all the other way? In 1888, when the Pope issued a Papal Rescript condemning the Irish Plan of Campaign, the Roman Catholic members of the Irish party passed the following resolution:—

"That while unreservedly acknowledging as Catholics the spiritual jurisdiction of the Holy See, we, as guardians, in common with our brother Irish Representatives of other creeds, of those civil liberties which our Catholic forefathers have resolutely de-

fended, feel bound solemnly to reassert that Irish Catholics can recognize no right in the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs."

From time to time there appear in the Press appalling instances of intolerance on the part of the people at the instigation of the priests. Panic-stricken Protestants point to these cases and say: "This is what you will hand Ireland over to, if the Home Rule Bill is passed." They forget, however, that these awful cases of tyranny have been taking place for many years under the existing system of government from Westminster, and apparently we Protestants are helpless to prevent them. It seems a strange policy to cry out against these evils, and yet to wish to maintain the system that produces them! The real truth we need to recognize is that the people of Ireland are, as in other countries, awaking to the realization of the fact that they are a nation, but they are humiliated at the thought that they have no Government of their own, no outward and visible sign of an independent nationality. The priests very wisely identify themselves with this national aspiration, and, being a little better educated than the masses, are thus able to acquire an enormous influence over them. A century of mismanagement by our unpopular government is unquestionably the cause of this disloyalty among the people, and it has also caused the priests to be endowed with an enormous amount of power. Instead of persevering in our mistaken policy of repression and coercion—as if people could ever be made loyal by such means—let us revert to the old *status quo*, and give the Irish back their own government. They will make mistakes, of course, but if we can infer anything from history, it is that the people will naturally divide

up into two or more parties. Protestants, if they remain a united party, will then be able to support one side or the other, and probably get their own way; but it is far more likely that the Protestants of Ireland, like the Protestants of England, or of Scotland, will not form parties on a religious basis.

This will, of course, be the happiest solution, for when we find some Protestants on one side and some on another, and Roman Catholics and Protestants standing together to carry or to oppose certain measures, we may then be sure that religious questions will not come much to the front. The priest, who is now very fond of interfering in politics, will lose his position as a leader, but will revert to the far higher position of the English clergy and the ministers of the Free Churches, who try to influence their people through religious and moral persuasion, and leave alone the dirty game of politics, excepting in such questions as religious education or disestablishment, when we welcome their opinions.

Not only has the experiment of attempting to govern Ireland from Westminster been a mistake, so far as the cause of Protestantism in that country is concerned, but it has been a very serious cause of injury to England. We have at Westminster a solid phalanx of over eighty Nationalists, mainly Roman Catholics, legislating for a Protestant country like England! Some few years ago a great scandal was exposed in France in certain convents, and the French Government closed many of these institutions, whose inmates found a refuge in Protestant England! But when public opinion demanded a careful inspection of these institutions in this country, the demand was immediately suppressed by the leaders on both sides of the House. Both sides were

afraid to do anything to offend the susceptibilities of the Roman Catholics, and so England has to tolerate what her own public opinion does not approve. One advantage of the Home Rule Bill, if passed, will be the considerable reduction of this element, which at present is under the domination of Rome, and so legitimate inquiries of such a nature will not so easily be suppressed in the future. It is all-important that England, which has always been the heart of the Protestant cause of liberty and freedom of religion, should be kept thoroughly sound, but we gladly welcome our Roman Catholic countrymen to a share in our government, though we do not want to be dominated by them.

There is, however, one very important thing just now on which all Protestants ought to concentrate their attention. The Prime Minister has announced his willingness to consider any well-thought-out suggestions to safeguard the interests of the Protestant minority in Ireland, and there is one that has not yet received sufficient attention. It is that while we allow Ireland to revert to her old form of self-government from Dublin, we give certain subordinate powers to the four provinces of Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught. For instance, such questions as police and education might be left entirely in the hands of the Government of each province. The counties of Ireland are small and scantily inhabited, so that County Councils might well be abolished, and in their place four provincial councils set up, none of which would be larger than some of the English County Councils. So long as the Army and Navy remain in the hands of the English, and the police and education are administered by provinces, it is difficult to see how Protestant Ulster, for instance, could ever be bullied by Roman Catholics,

even if any tendency existed in that direction.

As a Protestant, I must emphatically protest against the exclusion of Ulster, or even the four counties of north-east Ireland. A more ill-advised, cowardly suggestion has seldom been made, and nothing shows how Protestants have been misled by designing partisan politicians more than the fact that some of them have been persuaded to accept this so-called solution of the difficulty. The suggestion was put forward merely as an attempt to wreck the whole Home Rule Bill, and the interests and glorious traditions of Protestantism have never been really considered. It means that the poor Protestants of the South and West, who are in a very small minority, are to be handed over to their opponents, if there is any real danger of religious persecution and intolerance, while the Protestants of the North, who are by no means in a minority, are not to be exposed to any danger! If there is any risk at all, it is absolutely contrary to all the noble traditions of the sturdy Protestants of the North that they too should not be allowed to share it. If we are to revert to the old system of governing Ireland from Dublin instead of Westminster, by all means let us do so, but on no account can it be admitted in the interests of the Protestants that they should allow themselves to be divided up and weakened by this miserable suggestion of a divided Ireland, which if carried out would not only fail to satisfy the Irish as a nation, but would tend to injure the cause of Protestantism, which at present stands for freedom and religious liberty in the nation. The best way in which we can safeguard these principles is to introduce what Sir Edward Grey has already called "Home Rule within Home Rule" and let each of these four provinces have consid-

erable powers of self-government, so that Ulster may be made really strong, and become a rallying point for Protestants, in the event of any future revival of religious intolerance in other parts of Ireland.

With all the evidence before us of the way in which during the last hundred years we have misgoverned the Irish and made them apparently disloyal, Englishmen not unnaturally feel in a state of despair when they are asked to "muddle on" with the same old policy. Even during the lifetime of many of us, we have had all sorts of Governments in office, some Conservative, some Liberal, some even Radical, but none have so far succeeded in making Ireland wholeheartedly loyal. During the last few years we have had a considerable decrease of political crime in Ireland, because four-fifths of the nation have been buoyed up with the hope of getting their nationality restored to them. If such good results have sprung from what, after all, is a mere hope, have we not every right to expect even better results when they have the reality? We cannot muddle on in the future as we have done in the past, and the Tory Party under Mr. Bonar Law has no alternative scheme to suggest. We cannot for ever continue a policy of suppression and coercion, and the past shows that these can never make the Irish a really loyal people. Thus, step by step, whether we like it or not, we are driven to the conclusion that the only wise and just course for us to pursue is to restore to them their own government.

Lord Rosebery remarked many years ago that Ireland could not expect Home Rule till she had convinced the senior partner that such a step was a wise one for the Empire, but apparently she has now succeeded in doing this. At the third reading Home Rule was carried by 109 votes, including

85 Irish votes in favor, and 18 Irish votes against the Bill.

We must not, of course, be too rigid about exact figures, as there are always some members absent on both sides from sickness and other unavoidable causes. But after deducting the Irish votes on both sides this gives a clear majority of from forty to fifty members from England, Wales, and Scotland in favor of restoring her ancient form of government to Ireland. This shows that the senior partner is now anxious to make restitution to Ireland for the cruel injustice which was, with the best of intentions, inflicted on her more than a hundred years ago. But when a small minority of one-fifth of the nation come forward and claim that, on the ground of religion, it is impossible for us to carry out this act of justice, because they fear possible persecution from Roman Catholics, we may fairly point out to them that this is not the view that their Protestant ancestors took a century ago. They lived in a more intolerant age and they knew quite as much about the possibilities of the situation as their descendants. But they also knew that they were quite capable of defending themselves if any real persecution did arise. The modern Protestant has been led into a false position by his political allies, and consequently is not playing a very heroic part by crying out so much before he is hurt. Moreover, while doing this he does not exhibit any statesmanlike anticipation of the future, by attempting in any way to safeguard the interests of Protestantism, supposing the possibility of a revival of religious intolerance. We Protestants in England cannot but feel that the Protestants of Ulster are being betrayed by their alliance with English political partisans, and are not acting a part worthy of their noble traditions. We feel ashamed to think that

one-fifth of Ireland should stand out against the great mass who are proud of their nationality, and should do this in the name of Protestantism, instead of welcoming the outward and visible sign of an independent national life, and trusting to their own strong arms to defend them if the necessity ever

*The Fortnightly Review.*

arises, as their ancestors did before them. Reasonable safeguards are one thing, but blue funk is another, and it is to be greatly feared that this latter is causing such a panic that the reasonable safeguards for the future are being entirely neglected.

*Seton Churchill.*

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## THE HERO OF ENGLISH FICTION.

The potential hero, like the poet, is born, not made, but the actual hero requires making, and for the making of him two things are necessary, the man and the opportunity; the man who can do, and the deed that needs doing. But in this prescription, there must always be a similar proportion between the two ingredients, the man must always be greater than, or at least equal to, the occasion, for it is the distinguishing mark of a hero that he is equal to any occasion he has to face; when the occasion is trivial, the trivial can be equal to it, but when the occasion is great, terrifying the weak by its magnitude into confusion or acquiescence, it is only the hero who can master it, who has courage to grasp it, and strength to use it for the noblest ends. Sometimes the man is lacking, but more often, let us hope, the opportunity, for heroism is a characteristic which cannot exist by itself, it is essentially the outcome of character and the need of the situation in collision; the situation challenges mankind to subdue it, throws down the gauntlet before its unproven knights errant, and the conqueror it calls for is the hero. When there is no demand, there is no supply; there is never a glut in the heroic market; the hero is purely temporary, made to fulfil a passing need, and with the passing of the need, he too passes;

sinks with the situation into life's dead level.

In real life, where, given one half, we cannot always find the other, the potential hero cannot, for lack of the right occasion, become the actual hero; often he is lost because he has never had a fair chance; but in fiction the heroic lot is happier, for, starting with the hero, the author can always manufacture circumstances to suit him, there is always waiting for him an opportunity by which he can prove his right to his title. His is the conquest, not of circumstances by personality, but of lesser individualities by the greater; his strength is that of personal magnetism; he, too, must be equal to the occasion, but the trial he has to undergo is that of compelling the interest of his audience; if, though we know that transplanted into real life he would fall, though even in his own imaginary world he is weak and despicable, if, in spite of this, he still holds our interest, still stands above his fictional companions in attractive power, he is equal to the greatest occasion he has to face, is a hero in spite of all.

The maker of the fictional hero creates him, inevitably, in conformity with the prevailing tendency of the times, yields for the most part to public opinion, and produces the character it demands; insensibly he reflects



the taste of the age, and its attitude towards life. If we go back to the beginning, we find that the old English created their ideal; imagination, in those days of hardship and stern necessity, was robust enough to contemplate perfection without a consequent slackening of sympathy; it did not arouse irritation as it does to-day, when we will suffer nothing to exist without a redeeming flaw. To the Englishman who lived a dozen centuries ago, the hero was the man who succeeds; honorable failure would have sounded a mere paradox to him; he had neither eyes to see nor heart to understand the "mute inglorious Milton" we so often extol in theory while despising in fact. Our forefathers did not give him even the tribute of words, they ignored his existence, and turned their gaze upon the man who had the power to make himself the observed of all observers. It was a position that was not at all easy to fill; in a limited community such as that of the city or district in thinly populated days, it was impossible to pose as a hero before one half of the world, while the other knew you as a thief and a coward; there was an intimacy between the members of society which prevented any uncertainty in men's minds as to whether their neighbor were a god or a villain; he could not hope for an instant to stand on the slippery foothold of a compromise. In the first place, therefore, he had to be a hero right through, and the heroic essentials, though few, were difficult of attainment. Courage, truth, and consideration for others, these three, and the greatest of these was undoubtedly courage; without it a man was only fit for exile and abandonment. Considering the life of the old English, it is only natural that they should have valued it so highly, for the emergencies which arose in their time were primarily those which de-

manded courage; war was a thing of every day, and even the well-known paths over sea and land held unseen perils, the traveller could not go forth unarmed or in sure hope of safety. When every man had to face danger of some sort in the daily occupations of life, the standard of courage was inevitably high; to do what the unfamed majority did as a matter of course was not to be a hero in the eyes of the old warriors; it required a heart undaunted before nameless fears and overwhelming odds to gain their slow-given but whole-hearted admiration. There were dangers more terrible to them than anything merely physical; it was an age of mysteries and awestruck belief, when men suffered all the terror of unexplained nature with a troubled mind, when shadowy yet all-powerful spirits lurked in mountains and winds and waters. It is significant, therefore, that their greatest hero, Beowulf, who gives his name to the epic, faces the horror of the unseen as well as the more accustomed perils of fierce foes and stormy seas. He waits unarmed in the darkness for Grendel, the great marsh stalker, who has wrought long havoc among the Danish thanes, and whose comings and goings are full of a fearful mystery, and he goes alone to seek the mere-witch beneath the waters in which even the hard-pressed stag will not take refuge from the eager hounds.

Another characteristic of the hero in ancient times was that he was always a leader of men, hence it is that the old English ideal is so essentially aristocratic; the noble as opposed to the ordinary fighting man, the man who has to face responsibility as well as danger. Even with their passion for physical strength and physical courage, a mere fighting machine would not satisfy them, they wanted a warrior who could direct and counsel

as well as wield a sword, one whose decision would be at once the swiftest and the best. The mental anguish of a Hamlet they would neither understand nor respect, their vote was always in favor of the man who "took arms against a sea of troubles." Life they knew as something to be grappled with; the man who mourned his friend when vengeance might be taken was but as a child crying over a broken toy, it was a man's part to give others as good a cause for grief.

Action was, undoubtedly, held to be the chief end of existence, but where it was impossible, the old English knew how to admire the endurance which makes no complaints; an impenetrable reserve in the midst of grief was one of the first lessons the warrior had to learn; it comes early in the list of virtues which the old poet gives as comprising the character of the ideal Englishman: "The wise warrior must be patient, never too hot of heart or swift of speech"; and there is no character in this early literature more sympathetically drawn than that of Hrothgar, king of the Danes, sorrowing in silence for his people, during twelve long winters, while Grendel ravaged the land.

It was the strength of this same stoicism which helped the warrior to face life undismayed in spite of the fatalistic spirit which told him that "Destiny goes always as it will" and no efforts of his could turn it from its course. Their fatalism brought with it, not the apathy which it brings to the Hindu of to-day, but a sort of philosophic content which simplified existence. They looked before and after without any of that hopeless pining for what is not, which constitutes half the pleasure and more than half the misery of modern life; they looked forward with the resolution to accept uncomplainingly whatever might come, and backward with thank-

fulness either for joy or sorrow. In death, the hero never sighed over a life unfinished; his last words were a grateful appreciation of the joys he had received, coupled with a thanksgiving even more passionate: "Thank God I have done my duty."

Though courage was chiefly necessary to the hero, faithfulness to his lord and faithfulness to his own word were also required of him; after cowardice, treachery came next on the list of their deadly sins; the man who fled the battlefield was doubly despised, because he was afraid to face death, and because he had failed his leader in the hour of need. To enemies, as well as friends, faith was due; the hidden attack, the veiled conspiracy were as abhorrent to the man of honor as the betrayal of his brother, or the murder of a sleeping thane; their sense of justice as well as their good faith demanded open and equal warfare, so we find Beowulf refusing to use a sword against his unarmed foe, and Byrhtnoth, leader of the English army, waiting for the Danes to reach safe ground before he begins the attack. Necessary was it also to fulfil always a given word; it was the custom of the warrior in the overflowing boldness of his heart at feasting times to boast of what he would accomplish in battle, of how he would win the day or never return; to come back with the promise unkept would have required a moral courage they neither understood nor appreciated. Failure was equivalent to dishonor. The man who failed was both a liar and a coward.

Beside the great crises of life, which required transcendent courage and unflinching faith to meet, even in those days of broad outlines and simplicity, there were slighter situations to be faced also; it was no true hero who failed in these. The sterner side of life was the most prominent, but it

did not satisfy altogether: hence, combined with the qualities of a warrior, the hero had also those of a man of peace; the generous appreciation of merit in others, which was not slow to show itself in the bestowing of rewards, hospitality which welcomes the homeless and the stranger as well as the well-loved guest, and the unvarying courtesy which no passion can break through. Always we find emphasized a certain stately consideration in the hero for both friend and foe; in *Beowulf*, it is especially noticeable,—his reverence for the ancient Danish king, his gentleness to women, his courteous treatment of Unferth, the Danish thane, who had provoked him by unmerited taunt and insult. It was the most delicate, yet an indispensable part of the heroic outline.

Throughout, we find in the early hero an absolute unconsciousness of his own heroism, he never poses as a pattern or a fetish; in all his acts, the strongest motive force is the sense of duty, of what, as a prince or faithful thane, he ought to do, added to the feeling that if he leave any part of it undone he is, not merely an unprofitable servant, but one dishonorable and ungrateful, who has proved himself unworthy of the gift of life.

Upon this stern, merciless old ideal there came suddenly the influence of Christianity, a faith which taught forgiveness instead of revenge, humility and self-abasement instead of the pride of life; but the revolution in the hero that we should expect it to bring about was slow in coming, for in literature, the tradition of the past is stronger than any new power can be. To the old English writer, the men he knew were infinitely more real than those alien saints who were the heroes of the new religion. He accepted the letter of Christianity without in the least understanding the spirit, and he endowed the apostles

and martyrs with the virtues of his own ideal. To him, they were warriors and leaders of men, the devil was only a new kind of monster, the heathen another rebel tribe to be subdued. Christianity gained a footing none the less; it could not be ignored, but it grew up at first apart from ordinary daily life. Thus it was that in the Middle Ages life and its ideals were divided sharply into two: on the one hand, the world, not always to be separated from the flesh and the devil, with the knight of chivalry for its hero; on the other, the Church with its monks and ascetics, looking beyond an earthly ideal, finding the fulfilment of life in the destruction of self, and the highest good not in action but in contemplation.

To find these two ideals in their most pronounced form, we must look elsewhere than in English fiction, in the literature of nations more emotional and less restrained; in the Englishman, influenced as he was at the time by all things French, in language, literature and politics, there still remains his national characteristic of reserve, his insular prejudice against letting an outsider see the full revelation of himself. Thus it is that, in an age of extremes, we find so sane and, on the whole, so moderate a conception of the ideal both in the Church and in the world in mediæval English fiction.

In the religious works, the hero is for the most part not of the author's own choosing; the rough material, so to speak, is provided and must be made the best of, for the writer in those days was nearly always the monk, whom it behoved to busy himself with the life and deeds of some holy saint who might or might not prove an inspiring theme. If the author were a mere scribe and translator, he reproduced with painful fidelity the conventional virtue of his

original, but if he were an artist as well as a Christian, he did his best to humanize the stiff angular morality of his hero, to make him interesting as well as admirable. No less did he modify the evil of sinners, or, rather, he did not let the evil prejudice him unfairly against them; in spite of the influence of Christianity which should have taught the barbaric Englishman to abhor war and all its vainglory, his feelings were still those of a fighter and a seaman, he still appreciated the same good qualities, and could respect a man for bravery, though he was a thief and a murderer; he kept his unemotional, unswayed sense of justice.

All through the Middle Ages, and, indeed, later, we find this curious struggle between the old heroic traditions, where the hero is always a fighter and an aristocrat, and the new doctrines of poverty, gentleness and humility; as we should expect, both have to make concessions, the warrior and the noble is still the chief hero, but the stern aloofness of his character is softened; it is his pleasure rather to humble himself than to be exalted, his glory lies often in his self-abasement. So we get the knight of chivalry who fights primarily to succor the needy and distressed, but, as a secondary consideration, for the good of his own fair fame. The worldly champion of the Middle Ages evolved into something nearer the men of modern life than was the hero of the old sagas. The outlines are the same, but the accumulation of detail has altered his appearance. He is still the ideal, still the aristocrat: courage, truth and courtesy are still the chief tenets of his life creed, but his first simplicity is lost. Till now, he has appeared only in his relations to his fellow-man; now, at last, we see him in his relations to woman. She has entered the literary Eden, and with

her, her feminine characteristic of complexity. Hitherto, she had been a far-off vision to be honored, but not approached; an intangible power for good or evil; with chivalry, she becomes a reality, reverence is intensified into love, and the intricacies of life forthwith follow. We get none of the fierce, half repellent passion, the voluptuous giving way to pleasure which we find in the works of the Provençal singers, but we get elements which revolutionize literature. We still see the hero as a warrior, a friend and a loyal subject, but we see him as a lover too, and even his heroism cannot save him from the consequences. English restraint, or, if you will, English stolidity holds him in check, helped by the quelling power of the new religion; he is not altogether abandoned to the joys of love, he will lose the whole world for it and consider it well lost, but not his own soul; he must be a devout Christian as well as a devout lover. But in spite of this, the old traditions of the warrior, his patient silence and grim control are broken down; for the sake of his lady, to prove himself her true slave, he may show the whole world his sorrows, to save her from harm he may break faith with his friend, be false to his lord, and, if not vindicated, he is at least excused. But in his lady's service he must give no sign of weariness, he must be able to pine through nights of sleeplessness and days of sorrow, and to dare undaunted all perils of peoples, lands and monsters. It is the motive of his combat, however, which marks, perhaps most strongly, his altered attitude towards life. He no longer fights to save a nation or subdue a menacing peril; whatever his avowed intentions may be, there is always at the bottom a certain insoluble basis of selfishness, and he fights that he may be seen of men—or women—and, being seen, ad-

mired. It is doubtless natural that the hero in love should think much of himself, of the impression he is producing on the spectators, but while he is the more convincing as a lover because of it, he is less genuinely a hero. Instead of accepting life as it comes, and living through dull empty days with patience, as well as battling through times of danger with valor, he goes out of his way to display his nobility, and seeks an occasion on which he may be seen to advantage. It is the glorification of the individual that is craved, and as a consequence war dwindles into the single combat, where the universal gaze is centred on the champion; so the hero gains in personal importance while he loses in national significance; he is no longer the leader of men, the deliverer of a people; he fights not for bare life but for a crown of laurels, braves not the bitter disfiguring blows of war to the death; but the regulated thrust and parry of a picturesque sword play. In the early poems of Gawayn the Good, in Chaucer's romances, in the later work of Malory, we find the same motive, the same subtle atmosphere of unreality with war as a convention, and danger as an inevitable make-believe.

He is more delicately drawn, this mediæval knight, but he is a pictured ideal still, the perfect paladin; it is not till we come to the Elizabethan age that we find the epic type overthrown, and the more realistic hero taking his place. It was the drama, which brought about the change; it is one thing to read of the ideal described in winged words of power, it is quite another to see him on the stage; in the flesh, perfection ceases to be convincing, and seems a little too good to be true. Also it removes all possibility of tragedy which is almost invariably the outcome of a weakness in its hero's character. So

we get a new heroic conception, the real man of everyday life placed in circumstances possible to anyone yet invested with a dignity which makes him akin to the universal.

Besides the influence of the dramatic form itself and of the exigencies of the stage, we find that of the audience before whom the hero had to appear; the knight of ancient romance had but a limited public: only a minority of the people could read, so he was created for the minority: he was not seen of the multitude, but the dramatic hero undoubtedly was. The drama was more popular then even than now, and to keep its popularity it had to satisfy the public demands and appeal to the sympathies of all sorts and conditions of men; therefore we find the hero depending on interest rather than admiration for his success, for interest is less a matter of class and education than admiration. It is here, in the Elizabethan drama, that we first get the fictional hero no longer fulfilling the duties of the real hero; he is interesting because of what he is rather than what he does; it is this change which makes possible the great dramatic masterpiece of Hamlet, which is opposed directly in its weakness, indecision and inaction to the old heroic ideal: a character which, in spite of its vacillation, its faults, its inability to cope with the situation, never loses its fascination.

Here too, going still further, we find the hero as the man supreme in evil; hitherto, his good deeds have outweighed his evil ones, but in Richard III., in Macbeth, in Marlowe's Faustus there is nothing to redeem, nothing to lessen the baseness of their crimes, but mixed with horror at the murder is a sort of admiration for the murderer, a glamour of greatness and supremacy. In its most pronounced form, we have personality



rather than worth constituting the man's right to heroism; the heroic position is thrown open to unnumbered men to whom before it was impenetrably closed.

The average Elizabethan, however, was patriotic as well as imaginative, and he asked for a hero who would satisfy both these sides of his nature; thus it is that we get conceived the great titanic hero of the tragedians whose fate is so often connected with that of the nation. With Hamlet's death closes the old era of Danish history, with the Fall of Lear comes a new epoch in the government of Britain, and in the series of Shakespeare's great historical plays, the king, besides his personal significance, stands for England itself, welding the separate dramas into one great national epic as magnificent and impressive as the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*.

Besides these intensely human men of the drama, the old world knights of Sidney's "*Arcadia*," with their idyllic courtesy and gilded valor seem unreal and dreamlike, while still more unsatisfactory are the allegorical champions of the "*Faerie Queene*," who, trying to be men and personified virtues at the same time, are, naturally enough, very bad specimens of either. It is difficult to believe that they are the creation of the Elizabethan age, but fortunately both Sidney and Spenser were wise enough to make a fairyland for them to live in, and even now the knight of fairyland may attain perfection and unnatural picturesqueness without arousing envy or disbelief. It is significant, however, that he is banished from every other country, from every region of reality, never again to make his appearance there without the jeers and contempt of a bored and incredulous public; the laws of literary development are unalterable, they allow no going back, no re-crossing, of

that Rubicon which, so slight a stream at its first passing, becomes thereafter a barrier not to be destroyed.

At the very heroic antipodes of the Spenserian knights were the adventurers in the so-called Picaresque novels written about this time, of which Nash's "*Jack Wilton*" is the most famous; they were rolstering wild soldiers or travellers, who spent their time in impossible and careless escapades. Here comes in the hero of low birth, who was still excluded in most cases from the heroic position, for the drama, revolutionary as regards character is conservative as regards rank, and still keeps the aristocratic convention; Hamlet is prince of Denmark, Macbeththane of Glamis. Even in comedy the heroes are nobles—Orlando, Benedick, Petruchio—men about court with a recognized position and an ancestral tradition.

This low-born hero had appeared occasionally in the Middle Ages, in the popular tales and ballads, and was rather a favorite with Chaucer, but he assumes greater importance now, though in truth, he neither is, nor is meant to be, heroic; his adventures, not himself, are the important part of the story, and where his character is emphasized, it is chiefly as a buffoon or man of wit; Shakespeare used him to amuse the groundlings, as a foil to his other characters; nevertheless, he is not ignored as in the days of the warrior hero; he is allowed his place, though he has to wear cap and bells to obtain it.

The Elizabethan hero in his greatness and magnificence was perhaps as much the product of the age as the creation of the author, the natural outcome of the nation's enthusiasm, patriotism and adventurous spirit, so that, with the decay of the Elizabethan age, comes the deterioration of the hero; he weakens perceptibly in the days of the decadent drama; up till

now he had kept his ancient strength, evil he had been but mighty, great in failure as in success. But man, fictional as well as real, is made in his creator's image, and if his creator be but a poor sort of god, he will be but a sorry man.

The late Elizabethans had lost that feeling of national unity which made their fathers know themselves as parts of a great whole, they were drifting away into the weakness of egotism and isolation; prosperity and security had brought with them luxury and either a weakening or perversion of energy. The hero of their tragedies was heroic, not from action or character, but from situation; he is great because he has greatness thrust upon him; he fills the heroic niche set apart for him. The only situation considered heroic then was that of the faithless or forsaken lover, who did not bear his sorrows with the stern self-control of the old English, or the despairing misery of the mediæval knight, but who brought always in the train of his woes the greater evils of battle, murder and sudden death. We have a man capable of feeling and of action, but lacking the greater strength required to resist and control both; he is ruined by impulses which he cannot govern. Only too clearly, at this period, he begins to lose his importance, no longer is he the chief interest. At the beginning of fiction, it was the great hero who gave his name to the saga, all great achievements were attributed to him so magical was the power of his name, but now on the contrary the individual is made to fit the circumstances; any and every man is forced into the great situation, to stand or fall there as he may.

There is a grandeur of fierce, at times almost repellent, passion overshadowing this weakened hero at first; the rainbow hues of some of the

most brilliant writing in the English drama are woven round him, investing him in a borrowed glory, which all too soon we recognize as not his own; but gradually he loses his splendor and great consequence, and becomes more and more of a shadow limping far behind the former substance. So he dwindles, till, with the merging of drama into masque and pastoral, he becomes a mere puppet and stage property walking amidst cardboard scenery with whose artificiality he fits in only too well.

Beside this merely degenerating tendency, there arose at the time an opposing force to all things literary which were written for pleasure and not for profit; the Puritans, with their hatred of the world, condemned first of all the stage, and then all non-religious writings, so the hero for a while perished. The great civil war being waged at the time between the various branches of the church militant found its way into literature, and almost the only publications were controversial pamphlets, where, instead of exalting a hero, the author abused his enemies. Then came the period when the pen, for all its boasted superiority, was found to be inferior to the sword as an argumentative force, and England gave itself up to marching and counter-marching, battles and all the pomp and circumstance of war.

Not very long after peace came the Restoration, and with the Restoration came a reaction from Puritanism. Not its destruction, however, for the Puritan writings and the Puritan ideal still remained; once more, as in the Middle Ages, the world and the Church mutually despised, mutually shunned one another; what one held valuable the other scorned. The court had a society and literature of its own, a literature written only for its own pleasure, and limited therefore to

the capacity and the ideals of the court; then society looked, as it is always apt to look, upon the outward appearance, and demanded a hero pleasing to the eye. In the restoration drama they got what they wanted, one mighty, valiant, conspicuous, speaking and acting always for effect, yet at heart too often a villain and a coward, in action despising virtue, while in words he extolled it, but to the audience of his day in every way admirable, satisfactory and heroic.

Here at the beginning of the 18th century when life was essentially artificial, we get what would have been impossible in the Elizabethan age, the conventional hero on the stage, where he stands before the audience in the studied poses they so much admired. The real hero had practically disappeared; men had lost their imagination and their power of appreciation; they had separated reason from sentiment, and banished the latter from their lives. This was fatal to the existence of the hero who is created to arouse feeling and depends for his very life upon enthusiasm; when it disappears he also has to go.

In this new age of flippancy, it was the Puritans who saved from destruction the old tradition of heroism; they still kept a fervor which the court took for fanaticism, a seriousness which it confounded with dullness. They had been comparatively silent during their brief supremacy, but when their enemies triumphed their voice was heard, strangely dissonant among the clamor of cavalier tongues.

Neither blindness nor persecution could crush Milton's genius; he never lost his passionate sense of dignity of man, and, in the age of "Hudibras" created Adam the devout, the deep thinking; his titanic Satan; his Samson Agonistes. One other great character we have, that of Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress"; Bunyan, a

true Puritan, recognized no rank or place, no claim to superiority save virtue, so we find in Christian the first real hero of low estate. Allegorical though he is, he is still human and arouses sympathy inasmuch as he is typical of mankind, his journey the type of every man's journey through life, whatever his conception of the Celestial City. Bunyan had realized that the great facts of life are the same for all classes and all ranks, and the very simplicity of his hero invests him with a certain dignity; he shows the innate nobility of man unaccompanied by any halo of pomp and glory.

These are, however, but exceptions to the general rule, for, taken as a whole, the limited literary society of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries consisted only of wits and politicians; their world was bounded geographically by the suburbs of London, ideally by the success of their party and the annihilation of their enemies in the government. They were interested only in themselves, and they were not heroic, they were practical and self-satisfied, they laughed at the follies of others, but only admired themselves. So we get the days of the great satires, when the heroism of man is derided and his ideals laughed to scorn; we get the Epistles of Pope, and the Gulliver of Swift. They wanted neither passion nor emotion, tragedy nor romance, all they wanted was to be amused; the supreme object of existence was to escape being bored, and it required a brilliant wit to attain it, a very ridiculous buffoon on which to expend one's humor. Satire creeps in everywhere, in consequence; chiefly, and most amusing, satire on individuals they could recognize or guess at (for they liked a touch of pointed personal attack to add zest to the more general application), which appears in political poems, essays and the drama. But

the more far-seeing and less personally bitter used a more universal, and, at this far distance, more amusing form: that humorous treatment of society that we get to perfection in Fielding's novels and the Coverley papers of Addison.

If the majority of writers, however, had reason without sentiment, it is only to be expected that a few should represent the other extreme, and have sentiment untempered by reason. Richardson was one of these, and he created for his novels a new hero, the sentimental, immaculate gentleman who became so popular. In "Sir Charles Grandison" we get him described in every inch of his bland and beruffled beauty; his morals, his manners and his dress are all perfect, his discourses eminently proper, and tinged with decent rhapsodies at the moment that decorum dictates. His actions are uniformly admirable, and to Richardson's select following he was probably in every way satisfactory, but to the modern reader he is ridiculous to excess, more mirth-provoking, perhaps, in his absolute unconsciousness of his own folly than any other creation of eighteenth-century wit.

He lingers on, with modifications, in Miss Burney's "Evelina," and has, in spite of his obvious artificiality, a sort of flowered silk fascination which keeps him from oblivion. He is interesting, too, as the last of the old conventional heroes, for with the nineteenth century comes another change in the heroic conception. The Revolution, if it did not bring the new heaven and new earth it promised, brought at least a new hero; it aroused imagination, fostered independence of thought, so that poets and novelists, casting away the old traditions and conventions, each chose the hero that pleased him best.

Wordsworth, with his passion for the real man beneath the outer husk,

found him most easily among those people who were least subject to the words of artificial society; he gives us the hero of poverty and obscurity, the wandering pedlar in the "Excursion," the leech-gatherer, the shepherd, anyone whose character is influenced and ennobled by constant intercourse with nature; the hero is not a man of action to him, rather he who "makes his moral being his first care." Shelley's hero is the ideal rather than the real, the embodiment of all his aspirations, the fulfilment of all his dreams; he is best shown, perhaps, in Prometheus, who endures unnumbered years of torture to save mankind, who never falters once in his resolve; his hero is the man who, by setting himself free from every desire or fear in this life, gains the only true liberty.

In Keats and Coleridge we find the old mediæval hero once more, the armored knight of chivalry, but he has lost his conventionality, he has lost also the naïve simplicity of the Middle Ages; he is modern in his intricacy and his complex thoughts; they have succeeded in showing that human nature can be the same in helm and coat of mail as in the more unpicturesque garments of modern life. In Byron we get, perhaps, the most pronounced example of the individual point of view as regards heroism; with him, the hero is always Byron, a man of violent action but still more violent feeling, pessimistic, vindictive; in proportion as we admire Byron, we admire his hero.

By this time the real and the fictional hero have drifted far apart, the one depending on greatness, the other on personal interest; it is this fact, that personal interest makes the fictional hero, which causes the difficulty of determining who is the hero in Scott's novels; it is easy enough to see who is meant to be the hero, he has all the badges of his position, the

rich array and the valorous deeds, but as regards character, he is a mere nonentity, a man who would not have deceived anyone but the utterly silly heroine into thinking him heroic; the interesting people are the so-called unimportant ones, the old country men and women, the comic interludes in the set romance of the plot: no early writer would have left such an ambiguity for a moment; the hero in early days stood supreme.

In Jane Austen his position is more marked, he is always, from the beginning, the man of first interest in the small circle she describes; the only possible man as a rule, who can marry the heroine, which of course constitutes the chief duty of the hero. The other characters are always either evil at heart or intolerable in manner, as in "*Pride and Prejudice*," Wickham has a handsome person and engaging manners, in fact "looks quite the gentleman," but is wild, extravagant and faithless, Mr. Collins has doubtless excellent qualities, but his appearance is clumsy and his manners still more so; it is only Mr. Darcy who unites virtue with elegance.

So the heroic circle widens, until with the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the hero has become merely the man an author chooses to write about, his creator makes him interesting, invests him with importance, but he is no heroic character necessarily; he is human, subtle, perhaps attractive, sometimes he is even noble, but he holds our attention because of his nearness to us, rather than by his distance from us; he is a man one might meet anywhere, at any time, and we find his faults and peculiarities in ourselves—or our neighbors, which is perhaps the more acceptable. In any case, admiration and awe are replaced by intimate knowledge, and we feel that we might even be heroes ourselves, so that we

are perhaps more in sympathy with the sinning hero of to-day than with the perfect ideal warrior of olden days.

Following Wordsworth's example, the modern author finds his hero in any rank of life, the old aristocratic ideal is done away with; the hero, even the noble, valiant, unblameable hero, may just as well be a grocer as an earl; so far we have advanced, we realize that heroism has nothing to do with wealth or position, but neither do we make heroism the strenuous hardly-achieved matter it used to be. In the present day, in novels of what one may term the baser sort, heroes fall broadly into two classes, and are always quite recognizable; there is the man with the sensitive poetic face and the dreamy dark eyes who thinks things indescribable, or the man with the broad shoulders and clear-cut chin who does things unbelievable; the man of meditation or the man of action. So far, so good; but the meditations are generally unhealthy and lead to nothing, the actions are often inexcusable, bringing with them an undeserved success; the hero is easy enough to discover, but the heroism is more difficult to find; we are confronted by a mental consumptive on the one hand, on the other by an unscrupulous adventurer.

Higher in the literary scale we find a hero more entrancing, though perhaps no nobler; he is still the man faulty in deed, unregenerate of heart, sometimes even base of motive. Under all guises and by countless methods he is presented to us, enveloped in the swirling bewildering clouds of enigmatic fine writing, thrust forward by brilliant epigram, revealed suddenly by the lightning flash of vivid description, felt rather than seen in sudden silences which speak of hidden strength; on all sides we see him, from all points of view, a fellow wanderer among the pitfalls



of human life. No longer is he made the author's "great example" as well as his theme, for the author's motive has changed, he has ceased to demand the superlative, all he asks is the real. Man has grown more introspective with each succeeding century, till the most interesting problem he has to solve is that of himself. In nearly every modern novel we get a fresh attempt at a solution; humanity, the permanent, the unalterable, the same in every age, yet different in every in-

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dividual, baffles us still. Neither physiology nor psychology can explain it, nor offer an adequate reason for its thoughts and feelings; strangely enduring, it is at the same time strangely elusive and subtle; fugitive at every approach of scientific inquiry. Confronted thus by the eternal riddle of man as he is, alluringly imperfect, the author of to-day has neither time nor inclination to study that far off scarce possible problem, man as he should be.

*E. G. Moore.*

## THE PROMISE OF ARDEN.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"Hannah's very sorry indeed for you," Allen told me.

"Oh, Allen, you oughtn't to," objected Murray.

"But I ought. Of course I ought. Why, she meant me to tell him. She even said she meant me to."

Murray was sure that this could not be so.

"But she did. She said she was sorry for him things being what they were, and she didn't care who knew it. So she must have meant me to tell him."

"But why is Hannah sorrowing for me?" I asked.

"Why, she said anyone would be sorry for a young gentleman like you," he assured me. "And that it was enough to break a body's heart. A body must have a heart, you know," he added vaguely.

"I don't think my heart's breaking," I said. "Why is Hannah's?"

"It isn't. That isn't what she said. She didn't say her heart was breaking. She said it was enough to break a body's heart. Hannah isn't a body. She's a person."

"Well, what is it that's enough to break a body's heart, then?"

"Why, things being what they are. That's what she said."

"But what things?"

"Why, what you've had to put up with. She said it was dreadful to think of anybody going on building on a thing like that, and then being all of a sudden thrown to the ground."

"No, Allen. She didn't say him thrown to the ground. She said his hopes dashed to the ground."

"My hopes?"

"What you came down here for. She said she could see how it was all along, only those it had most to do with never seemed to know what lies before them."

"I suppose I'm one of those it has most to do with?"

"She didn't say that. She said it was awful to think of a person wanting to torment another person like that, and she was sure when she was a young girl such a thing never entered her head. And Drucie said ah well people were different."

"Oh, then Hannah was telling all these things to Mrs. Drury, not to you?"

"Of course she was. Why, I was in bed. She didn't know I could hear."

"But then, we oughtn't to be talking

about what you weren't meant to hear."

"That's what I tell him," said Murray. "Only he does, you see."

"But she said she didn't care who heard it," argued Allen.

"Yes, and that's just it. You see, she, that's Hannah, comes in to talk, and then the door's open, and of course we can hear everything they say, and then they think we're asleep while we can't help listening. Or else someone says the children are awake, or Drucle nods at the door, because I've seen her, and then they talk in a different sort of way, or soft at first and then loud afterwards. Or Hannah talks about people and you wonder who they are because she doesn't say; she keeps on saying 'naming no names' or 'walls have ears we know,' and that means she doesn't want us to know what she's saying."

"Yes, and Murray always says he knows who they're talking about, even when it's only what he says to her or she says to him, and things like that."

"But I do. I always do know who it is. It's everybody, almost. Sometimes it's James and sometimes it's Mrs. Fairbank, that's his wife, and sometimes it's Mrs. Band, and Miss Lovejoy, and often it's you and Dacia, and oh, yes, there's one I don't know, because they just call him the captain, and I don't know who that is."

"And all this is naming no names, is it?"

"Yes. That's just the worst of it. They will go on, you know, and sometimes I try not to listen, and sometimes I say to myself I must just listen so as to know who it is, and then I'll go to sleep, only generally I know at once. You see, I hear them talking every night, because I can't always go to sleep quickly. Allen, you know, often goes to sleep the moment he's in bed."

"As if I went to sleep the moment I was in bed!" put in Allen. "Why,

often I hardly go to sleep at all."

"Well, you're simply always asleep when I want to talk to you. Because don't you remember that night when I asked you should I shout the name out loud? No, of course you don't remember, because you were fast asleep."

"Why did you want to shout the name out loud?" I asked.

"Because—oh, well, because it was one of those awful times when they will talk about people's young men—Alice's, you know, and Maggie's, that's a kitchen maid we had only she's gone because she couldn't get up in the morning, and Eliza's, and the one Jane began to have only Drucle told her she mightn't, and—well, they were talking about Eliza's new one, and they said a lot of things about him, and of course I knew it was the postman because he didn't see me one day when he brought the letters, and so when Hannah said 'Walls have ears we know' I said to Allen, shall I yell out, and then he was asleep, so I shouted out 'It's Luff the postman you're talking about,' and Hannah said Lor how the boy had made her jump. And even when I shouted that out loud it didn't wake Allen, so that'll show you how fast asleep he goes."

"I tell you I don't go fast asleep," protested Allen.

"But you do, Allen. Why, you haven't been awake when I've wanted to speak to you for I simply don't know how long, except last night. Last night you were awake while they were talking about Dacia and Mr. Markwick, but you went to sleep almost in a minute, because—"

"Talking about Dacia?" interrupted Allen. "When were they talking about Dacia? Of course they weren't. Hannah was talking about Mr. Markwick, and how she was sorry for him, and what he'd had to put up with, and all what I've told you. She didn't

talk about Dacia. She never even mentioned her name. Certainly she didn't talk about Dacia."

"Oh, Allen, you are difficult to explain things to. Don't you see? Don't you understand when she said about what he came down here for, and about a person tormenting another person, and when she was a young girl and all that, don't you understand how she meant to say, only she didn't say because she'd said naming no names—Oh, I simply can't explain it to you. You're really too young to understand."

"I tell you I'm not really too young. You're always saying I'm young," protested Allen indignantly.

"Well, anyhow, you haven't heard the other times when they were talking about Mr. Markwick and Dacia, so you couldn't understand it all whatever happened. Why, you don't even know about the time when—Oh, Allen," Murray broke off, "you are dreadful. You're always making me say things—I mean, you don't exactly make me say them, only I have to say them because you don't understand, and then I try to explain, and I never meant to be talking to you like this," he added, turning to me rather helplessly, "only it's always like that when I try to begin explaining to Allen, everything gets worse and worse and all in a muddle."

There was no need of an explanation. I did not know that it had all been quite so plain to other people, that was all. But it was just that explanation given by Murray to Allen, and the realization that there were a dozen other people who knew as well as I knew how it had begun, and knew better than I how it was to end, that made it the more difficult to understand precisely what was meant by a letter which I had received that morning from Dacia herself, yachting off the west coast of Scotland. I must

have read it a dozen times; I pulled it out of my pocket and read it through again.

S.Y. *Speranza*.

Friday.

Roderick has asked me to send you a message, so I am just writing this little letter as I always think it saves time to write at once, don't you? He asked me to write you a line some time ago soon after we had started, but I am sorry to say I forgot. You know I hardly ever do write letters, and if it hadn't been that I was thinking of you when we were shooting yesterday, I expect I should have forgotten altogether and then what would have happened? You know what Roderick is if you don't do what he tells you, you may be quite sure you'll be served out in the end. We had a splendid day yesterday on the moor and got eighty brace. It was the first time I had ever seen grouse, much less shot them, so you can imagine what it meant to me, and in the evening we had a birthday party; you know we have a birthday party every week. Well, I mean, it isn't really a birthday party because none of us were born in August, but we just have a party, so it comes to the same, and last night it was my birthday, which was quite the best of all we have had, and fancy! Mr. Dick Jenkinson had sent all the way up to London specially to get me some white heather, think of it! and as there was plenty of it on the moor that made it rather awkward, particularly as I didn't see it till the party was over. We are starting back on our homeward voyage in about a fortnight's time, but I don't expect we shall be back at Parson's Hanger till the middle of September, and that reminds me Roderick's message to you is, will you come and shoot with him on September 22nd, which is a Saturday, as I told him you could only get off for week ends,

so will you let him know, and I thought perhaps won't you come and stay the night before with us, only perhaps you can't get off from that Mr. Bellinger. Roderick asked me to send you a little formal note, so I just write in haste

*Dacia.*

P.S. Captain Forbes is the other gun on the 22nd.

That was the letter; and having read it through once, I read the post-script over and over again.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

It was a Sunday afternoon in mid-September, and hot sunlight lay over the country-side. Yesterday the hum of the threshing machine at the farm had quickened and died down again in a fluctuant wind; to-day the silence of the fields and garden was broken only by the autumn carol of the robin. The two boys had set off to the kitchen garden, to inspect a new addition to their captives in the tank in the form of a gold-fish presented by Mr. George Tidy, landlord of the *Feathers* inn; and Peggy and I stood by the long flower-border opposite the house, watching the peacock and red-admiral butterflies fanning their wings over the white phloxes. The air was full of the musky scents of autumn; the robin's song came with an oddly plaintive trill through the quiet.

"You know, I can't realize it in the least," said Peggy.

"The boys going to school? No," I said, "I know. But—"

"Oh, yes, I know it's best. I know it's the right thing to do. Of course it was time for Murray to go, and you couldn't separate the two boys. Allen's never been away from Murray even for a night, and he wouldn't understand it. Still, eight does seem very young," meditated Peggy.

"He'll be nine in October," I told

her. "There's just a year between them, isn't there?"

"And Murray will be ten. I can't realize that, either. It seems only the other day he wasn't any bigger than John, and I used to be allowed to push him in his perambulator. And now he's actually going to school. It's actually come to the time I've been thinking about for years. To-day it's really the last Sunday before they go to school, and next Sunday they won't be here. I can't realize it the least bit," said Peggy.

We turned down a path behind the border where the dahlias hung their red and orange lamps; a puff of wind swung them as we passed.

"I know I'm an awful coward thinking about it all like this," said Peggy, "but I just simply can't get it out of my head. I keep on remembering silly little things, like that there's only one day more of each kind, I mean only one Saturday more, and only one Sunday, and so on. And the Saturday's gone already. I tried to get it out of my head by thinking of something else I could do for them, but there really isn't anything."

"Have you done everything?"

"Everything I can think of. It was silly of me really, but I got it all done too soon—I mean their clothes and things, and all that had to be ordered and got ready. You see, when they sent me the list of the things the boys would want I was so dreadfully afraid of not getting it all ready in time, that I really got it done too quickly, and now there's nothing more to be done. Most of the things had to be bought, you see, and all I could do was the little things, like sewing on tapes, and now that's done there's nothing to do but to wait."

From the kitchen garden across the road came the sound of children's laughter.

"Sometimes I tell myself it's best to

go about just as usual, and not try to be with them more than I should be on ordinary days," said Peggy. "And then sometimes I feel that every minute they're away——"

"Let's go and find them now," I said.

I had heard from Mrs. Drury the tale of Peggy's preparations.

"Well, there now," she began, and her uplifted hands fell on a spacious lap; "I never did see nothing like it—never. That girl's got a head as any gentleman in business—well, her poor father, he never was in business, as you know—but any gentleman in business wouldn't want a better head than what she's got. Forget anything? Why, she hadn't forgotten not even so much as a holder to put the label on the boys' boxes with. A little leather thing she got, like what she see her mother get for her poor father, when he couldn't never keep a label nor a name on his portmanteaux. That was the last thing she got when she couldn't think of nothing else to get for them. 'Nannie,' she says to me, 'do you think I've got everything they'll want,' she says. 'Well, my dear, there isn't nothing else I can think of,' I told her. 'There's a holder for them there labels,' she says, and she sits down to write for it. But she done it all in order from the beginning. First she gets that there little list they sent from the school, and then she goes through it, so many suits of clothes, so many flannel shirts, boots, ties, collars, brushes, and I don't know what all. Then she has her brothers fitted with the clothes she orders for them. Then she sits down and what does she do but set to marking all their 'andkerchiefs for them. Then she gets the tape labels and sews them all on herself, every one of them. Let me help her with it? She wouldn't let me do nothing; 'no,' she says, 'Nannie, I'd like to think when they're

there in that great school among all them other boys,' she says, 'I'd like to think I'd done something with everything what they've got on,' she says. And then, there! well, at the beginnin' she was doing it too fast. 'You needn't be in such a hurry, my dear,' I says to her, that being the first week in July, when she'd come back from the school and everything was as you might say settled. 'You needn't be in such a hurry,' I says to her; 'your brothers aren't goin' off to school to-morrow,' I says, 'nor yet the day after.' 'O Nannie,' she says, 'but what if I didn't get them ready in time?' 'Well,' I says, 'my dear, you'll be ready before they are,' I says, and that's just what she was; if they'd been goin' in August she'd have been ready. And when she come to the time when she'd nearly finished it all, then she begin to want to spin it out, d'you see, so as to have something to do for her brothers every day. So what did she do but parcel out all her tapes and her markings and her other little whatever she'd got for them, six of one kind, six of another, some one day and some another. 'I've allowed myself so many for to-morrow,' she'd say to me, 'and so many the next day,' she'd say. And then at last when she come to me and she says, 'O Nannie,' she says, 'I haven't only got one more 'andkerchief to mark,' she says. 'Well, my dear, you mark it then,' I says, 'and get it off your mind,' I says to her. 'But, Nannie,' she says, 'when I've marked them all what am I to do?' she says; 'there won't be nothink to think of,' she says. There, and that's what it is with her now; she hasn't got nothink more she can't think of. What did she do yesterday? Looked through all them things and found one of her tapes sewn a little crooked; off she takes it and sews it on again. Ah, and she'd have looked through the things



again, to see if she couldn't find something else, if I hadn't stopped her. 'Don't you do that, my dear,' I says, 'that's waste of time.' 'So it is, Nannie,' she says. 'Well,' she says, 'there's nothing to do now but to wait,' she says. So that's what she's doing—waiting."

In the kitchen garden we found Murray and Allen engaged in an experiment which threatened seriously to diminish the water supply. The main apparatus was a garden engine, of which Murray worked the handle with intense fervor, while Allen pointed the stream of water to the sky. The direction in which the water proceeded on leaving the engine appeared to be immaterial; success was achieved less in direction than in height. So closely absorbed were the two boys in this congenial employment that neither of them noticed us as we came into the inner garden where they were working. Murray toiled at the pump handle as one should toil to save a ship. Allen watched the bright stream of water pour up and break in the sunlight with a dreamy fascination; the water fell shining on the plum trees, the raspberry canes, the gravel path.

We came up the path behind them and Murray heard us; he stopped pumping, the stream of water fell; Allen looked round and began explanations at once.

"I can make it go higher than Murray does," he told us. "When I hold the spout and he pumps the handle it goes ever so much higher."

"But that's because I pump so hard," urged Murray.

"It goes all over the strawberry bed, and on to the greengages, and even over the wall." A thought struck him, and he took my hand. "Would you mind pumping the handle for me?" he asked. "I expect I could make it go even higher."

I was conducted to the handle, and he made it go even higher.

"Now shall I show you some of our experiments? I can make it go straight up, you know, instead of over there, and I can make it go whirling round and round all level."

"Do you know I almost think, if you try those experiments, that it would be better if Murray were to pump?" I suggested.

"All right," said Allen.

Murray bent to the stern task. Water played over the strawberry bed, over the greengages, over the wall; it poured in an aggressive stream through the open doorway in the wall, so that a casual visitor would have received a surprising welcome; it splattered on the wall-coping, with the idea of covering as wide an area as possible with its splashes; it dwelt steadily and lengthily upon a number of decayed and decaying plums which lay under one of the fruit trees on the wall.

"That's the way we kill simply thousands of wasps," Murray told us as he toiled at the pump. "First it takes them by surprise, you know, then it drowns them." A cluster of wasps feasting upon a plum were instantly taken by surprise; none, apparently, were drowned. "Now show the experiment, Allen," Murray suggested, toiling harder than before.

The experiment was shown. Whether or not it began as Allen intended it should, it presumably ended a little differently. The stream of water which was being poured over the drowning wasps suddenly altered its direction, and ascended vertically into the air. In that position the jet stuck, and the water, having reached its highest point, descended in a copious shower upon the engine, the toiler at the pump, and the director of the experiment. The pump ceased to work; the director ceased his strug-

gles with the jet, and the experiment ended with two dripping boys regarding themselves and the engine with dismay.

"First it takes them by surprise, you know, and then it drowns them," I suggested.

"Oh, dear," said Peggy, "I never thought it would end like that. And your other flannels aren't dry from yesterday."

"I'm not as wet as I got yesterday," protested Allen. "Certainly I'm not nearly so wet."

"Did you fall into the tank, then, yesterday?" I asked.

"We only splashed in," said Allen.

"Well, now we'd better splash into the house," I suggested.

The boys went dripping through the doorway; we went out through the gate, and crossed the bridge over the little stream; then we came through the belt of trees into the Grange garden, and beheld across the lawn, standing in the porch at the door of the house, a short figure in black, and a tall figure in purple—the Rector and Mrs. Band. As we watched them Hannah opened the door and they went into the house.

"Don't let's go in."

"Let's run away."

"We can't do that," I said. "Let's go in and drip over them."

We went across the lawn up to the porch. Peggy sent the boys upstairs with detailed instructions as to particular suits of clothes; then she went through the morning-room to the drawing-room door. I waited for a moment behind her, to shut a swinging door; then I followed her to the drawing-room. The door was open, and as I came into the room Mrs. Band, with her back to me, was remarking to Peggy that she was relieved to find her at home and alone. Then I came up to where Peggy was standing.

"I had not realized that we were likely to have the pleasure of seeing you here, Mr. Markwick," said Mrs. Band with closed eyes. "I had quite understood that you were absent in Scotland—upon a sporting tour, I think I was informed—yachting and shooting."

"Only shooting," I said.

"Indeed. And your companions, Roderick Grey and his sister, I presume have returned also."

"I think there must be some mistake," I said. "I haven't seen Miss Grey or her brother since July."

"Indeed? Indeed. The Rector and I have been absent from the parish for some time, during the Rector's much-needed holiday, and we have evidently been misinformed." Mrs. Band drew herself up in her chair, and appeared to realize the necessity of facing a fresh situation. "That brings me, dear Grace, to the object of our visit to you this afternoon. The Rector has been spending his holiday—the period of his well-earned and much-needed rest—at a residence at which I think you will recollect having once spent a happy day. He has been enjoying the sunshine and the refreshing breezes of Whitestone-on-Sea, at the school which your dear father indicated to the Rector——"

"But, Mrs. Band——" began Peggy.

"I think we understand each other, my dear Grace—the school which your dear father indicated to the Rector he had chosen for the education of your two brothers, our dear Murray and our dear Allen."

"I think, Mrs. Band, that it will be best if——"

Mrs. Band held up her hand.

"Mr. Markwick, I know what is in your mind. I entirely understand the difficult situation in which you are placed, and I honor—I may say that both the Rector and myself honor—your natural determination to do the

best, the very best that lies in your power, for these dear children. It is for that reason—for that very reason," repeated Mrs. Band with emphasis, "that I came to see you this afternoon—that, failing yourself, I came to see dear Grace this afternoon," corrected Mrs. Band, "in order to make a proposal to you. May I make my proposal? May I state my suggestion? May I be sure that I need not expect an interruption?"

"Certainly," I said. "I was only about to suggest that——"

"I thank you, Mr. Markwick, I thank you. I will begin, then, by asking our dear Grace to recall the happy day which with her brothers Murray and Allen she spent at the school which my brother-in-law the Reverend Stephen Band conducts at Whitestone-on-Sea. We recollect that happy day, do we not, dear Grace?"

"I remember your taking me to see the school, Mrs. Band. But——"

"Our dear Grace remembers. Our dear Grace has not forgotten the situation of the school-house, with the sea in front of the spacious garden and the glorious air of the downs behind it. She has not forgotten the breezy class-rooms, the admirably planned dormitories, the thousand-and-one arrangements for the health and comfort of Mr. Stephen Band's numerous young charges. You will pardon the question, Mr. Markwick, but are you well acquainted with the details of the astonishingly complete equipment of a modern preparatory school? Have you had the opportunity of personally visiting—I take it that I may assume that you cannot be ignorant of the name and reputation of the school—but have you had the opportunity of personally visiting Whitestone-on-Sea?"

"I have heard you mention the name of the school," I said; "but I have never personally visited it."

"You have never personally visited the school. Then may I suggest, with all respect, with all due deference to you as a friend of our dear friend the late Professor, that you do not realize, that you cannot possibly comprehend, what is meant, what is signified by a first-rate modern preparatory school? Whitestone-on-Sea, Mr. Markwick, is not a school in the sense that other schools are schools. Whitestone-on-Sea, Mr. Markwick, is a school by itself. It stands alone. It stands at the top. Other schools may strive to imitate Whitestone-on-Sea; Whitestone-on-Sea, Mr. Markwick, remains inimitable. It is conducted, Mr. Markwick, in the first place, by a gentleman and a scholar. The name of the Reverend Stephen Band, Mr. Markwick, is the name of a classical scholar with I may almost say a world-wide reputation—I may indeed use the term world-wide, for the pupils of the Reverend Stephen Band have penetrated in their later lives to the uttermost parts of the earth. A world-wide reputation. The Rector himself, Mr. Markwick, is a notable classical scholar, but even he would admit—with his modesty and honesty he would be the first to admit—that in classical attainments he is outshone by his brother. As regards the staff—as regards the other teachers at the school—I need only say that they are worthy of their headmaster. But indeed, in mere words it is not possible—indeed, Mr. Markwick, I may say that it is impossible—to do justice to Whitestone-on-Sea. To praise it is to gild the lily. The school must be seen to be appreciated. And it is for that reason that I have come this afternoon to make a definite proposal."

"But really, Mrs. Band——" Peggy began again.

Mrs. Band closed her eyes with the air of one who suffered intensely.

"May I state my proposal?"

I managed to catch Peggy's eye.

Mrs. Band collected herself, and began slowly, gathering pace and adding emphasis as she proceeded.

"Our dear Grace will recollect that when we paid our last happy visit to Whitestone-on-Sea we were unable to inspect the whole of the arrangements of the school—unable to realize the completeness of the arrangements made for the pupils' comfort—owing to the necessity of catching a train which would enable us to return home by the evening. The train service from Willowbourne to Whitestone-on-Sea is a trifle—a trifle complicated. Our visit in consequence was slightly curtailed—slightly foreshortened. It is that fact which adds to the importance of the proposal which I am now about to make to you. I will begin with the announcement—I think, my dear Grace, you will admit that it is the absolutely unexpected announcement—that I have been offered the use, for a whole day—a whole day—of a large and powerful motor car."

"But not for us? We——"

"I thought that our dear Grace would be unprepared for that announcement," said Mrs. Band. "Yes. The motor car has been placed at our entire disposal from morning till night—at our entire disposal. The owner, who I may state is no less a person than the headmaster of Whitestone-on-Sea himself, allows us the complete use of the car for the day. We shall therefore be able to leave this house in the morning, perform the journey to Whitestone-on-Sea under the most comfortable conditions, make a complete inspection of the school buildings and playgrounds under the guidance of the headmaster himself, and return here at our leisure before nightfall. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Perfectly clear," I said. "There's only one thing that——"

"One moment, Mr. Markwick. One

moment. In making this proposal to our dear Grace of a second visit to Whitestone-on-Sea I need not say that my suggestion, that the invitation I am empowered to make includes yourself. I feel certain that with your anxiety, your natural and laudable anxiety to do the best that lies in your power for our dear children, you will welcome an opportunity of personally inspecting so admirable an institution. And I have this last, this final announcement to make to you. I have kept it to the last, and you will at once realize its urgency, its importance. You are doubtless aware, Mr. Markwick—the fact, I remember, strongly impressed itself upon the mind of our dear Grace—you are doubtless aware that in the case of a school with a reputation like that of Whitestone-on-Sea the competition for admittance is exceedingly severe. In ordinary circumstances, I believe I am correct in saying, it may take months and even years before a pupil can be admitted to a vacancy. You will therefore appreciate the importance of the situation when I inform you that owing to an unforeseen combination of circumstances which is in the highest degree unlikely to occur again, the Reverend Stephen Band finds himself in a position of being able, at this short notice, to accept two more pupils for the ensuing term. I do not wonder that you start, Mr. Markwick; I do not wonder, but I will ask you to allow me to finish my sentence. You were about to comment on the shortness of the time at your disposal before embracing this opportunity. There again, Mr. Markwick, Whitestone-on-Sea makes possible what with other schools would be impossible. Other schools, I understand, reassemble during the coming week; Whitestone-on-Sea does not reassemble until the week after. An extra week of holiday, I understand, has been granted to the pupils at the

request of a peer whose son is about to commence his education under Mr. Band's tutelage. It will therefore be possible, Mr. Markwick—and I shall say no more when I have put the position plainly before you—it will therefore be possible for you," concluded Mrs. Band with a superb enunciation of each syllable, "to make your personal inspection of the school to-morrow morning, and on Friday week, September the twenty-eighth, for our dear Murray and our dear Allen to commence their school education at Whitestone-on-Sea."

Mrs. Band had finished. She drew herself up in her chair. She awaited a thankful acceptance of a golden opportunity. Peggy and I looked at each other.

"I'm afraid it won't be possible," I said.

"You are afraid it will not be possible? I beg your pardon, Mr. Markwick; did I understand you to say that you are afraid that it will not be possible?"

"I'm afraid it won't be possible for Murray and Allen to go to school at Whitestone-on-Sea on Friday the twenty-eighth," I said, "because it's al-

ready arranged for them to go to another school on Friday the twenty-first."

It was plain that Mrs. Band doubted if she heard aright.

"May I ask if this is a jest?" she demanded sternly: "if so, I should like to say that I consider it excessively ill-timed."

"It is really perfectly serious. Peggy and I have chosen a school for the boys, and they are to go there next Friday."

"And may I ask the name and the situation of this—this institution?" demanded Mrs. Band.

"The name," I said, "is Coombe Mering. The school stands overlooking the sea, with the downs behind it, and——"

"Septimus," said Mrs. Band, "I desire you to follow me. I thank you, Mr. Markwick; I will not trouble you to accompany me to the door."

I returned to Peggy.

"The situation of the school-house," I said, "with the sea in front of the spacious garden——"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried poor Peggy.

*Eric Parker.*

*(To be continued.)*

## THE UNIMPORTANCE OF POLITICS.

This is no "withering denunciation" or "scathing exposure" of those ambassadors at the Court of Notoriety whom we style politicians. Nobody is "branded" in it as a traitor, an anarchist, an incendiary, an elderly King's Counsel, a cabbage-headed mule, an ill-masked Fenian, a certificated despatch-rider, a village ruffian, or even a disliker of legal blasphemy. It goes simply upon a large fact as to which there can be no dispute, and asks whether that fact is of good or of evil countenance. The fact in question is that we

are all politicians now. Certain albino blotches do indeed run counter to type, prigs for the most part, but with that exception we are all tarred with the same brush. Is the brush too heavily charged, too industrious and wide-wandering? Do we assign disproportionate importance to the *homo politicus*, with his equipment of masks and megaphones? Do we, in short, gesture and bellow too much for the good of our souls? It cannot be too clearly understood that the line of approach to the enquiry is not Olymplan, but



confessional. Any of us is ready enough to admit that there are too many of the other kind of fellow about. For me, the appearance of a thing called Unionism, for instance, is numbered among the darkest and least penetrable mysteries. On the other hand it has long since been suggested that the world would go much better if Ireland was towed into mid-Atlantic, and sunk. Some Radicals could spare a coronet or two without tears, or indeed the whole practice of coronetcy in general, while some Dukes are convinced that there is exactly one Lloyd George in excess of requirements. Such conclusions are easy to reach, but they are vain. The only real problems are those that concern the inner life, and its institution in wisdom. And the suggestion of this paper is that we make overmuch of politics. We cheat ourselves. Our days are only twenty-four hours broad, and not more than sixty years long, truncated by sleep and sickness. We have, as we say, a terrible lot of things to get through, and if we give to any of them, and especially to the poorer sort, too much head-tumult and heart-break, we are betrayed and undone.

It is necessary to begin by repudiating that view which would dismiss politics as mere sham and rococo. Job himself might well lose patience, as indeed he did, with such chatter. The State does not argue, it imposes itself. The only sanctuary of escape from it is the lunatic asylum. It is the raw material in which we have all got to work, without which we can do nothing. The particular State to which any of us belongs is a moment of equilibrium, stable or unstable, in the secular scuffle for the ownership of the two most real things we know, land and men. So real is the fight for these ingredients of welfare that there is not the least prospect of its ever reaching a term. The porcupine image, em-

ployed by Schopenhauer, is rich in suggestion. Seeing men not as trees walking, but as porcupines grubbing, he points out that the task of society is to bring its units so close together that they shall keep one another warm, and to keep them as far apart as will secure each against the bristling quills of his neighbors. The process of rearrangement goes on without break or respite. Who is to stand where? Each porcine group has its own notion, accompanied by a map with a statistical appendix; no two maps agree, and there is a continual stir of hustling and shouldering in the mass. And, for all their trouble, colds and blood-letting are more frequent than the ideal disposition. If you are very dainty, you may call the affair rather disreputable, and decidedly mixed. Nothing human is alien from that fate. But to call it unreal would be a sad absurdity. Moreover, its scope is as wide as civilization. No provision has been made for disinterested spectators. The Lucretian tower of Ivory was found, when completed, to be too frail for habitation, and the judgment-seat of Gallio was long since broken up for firewood.

The first note of politics, then, is not unreality and remoteness, but on the contrary, intimate and dominant reality. The second is, beyond all doubt, unreason. The late William James records the inspiration of one of those founders of minor religions, the names of which sound like a disease: this prophet felt that "he had fire enough in his belly to burn up all the sins of the world." That is the sort of thing that fashions the course of politics. Movements which are, in the last analysis, not exactly blind appetites, but at any rate Bergsonian waves of appetency, accomplish themselves if they have vitality enough; if not, they simply break in foam, and disappear. In neither case has reason,

mere platform and newspaper reason, created the event out of its entrails. Ireland—if I may again use her as an illustration—has not argued or even fought, she has simply lived her way back to some sort of autonomy. I must not be understood as denying that there is in politics such a phenomenon as conversion. But it is much more commonly catastrophic than discursive. The mind is not a scientific balance, delicately responsive to the differential ounce: it is much more like a home-made bomb which quite dramatically explodes. In England what usually happens is that an elector sees suddenly that something or other is a damned shame, and decides to vote the other way next time. The moving consideration may be, and often is, trivial, irrelevant, or dead: an enquirer, reading Irish history for the first time, for instance, becomes a Home Ruler in order to let Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell know what he thinks of their disgusting conduct. But such illumination very seldom results from a course of Hansard, or systematic attendance at meetings of the opponent color. Your typical party leader does not even aim at convincing his enemies, he makes speeches in order to explain himself to his friends. And your sound party man is a good deal more of the mystic than of the rationalist. Loyalty, to him, consists in accepting not the known thing which his leader said yesterday, but the unknown thing which he will say to-morrow. The disbelief in the arbitrament of reason, which lurks under so many forms of controversy, finds by times an even franker expression. The gospel of violence was never preached from such high places, or with so confident a challenge, as in this mellow age of sociology. Arson has become the paltriest of incidental bye-play. The right of rebellion at haphazard, as one may say, has received ceremonial

sanction at the very fountain-head of law.

These facts may please or displease us, but at any rate they are facts. And, whether pleased or not, a prudent man will adjust himself to facts. What is the general scheme of our adjustment? Mainly noise. We have with loving care created an apparatus of clamor from which none can escape, to which none can listen without the gravest disturbance of judgment. We all shout so loudly that nobody hears his own voice. We wallow in a sea of leading articles. We cram ourselves into drab and draughty halls, we slap our knees in railway-carriages, we rattle the plates at dinner with dialectic vehemence, we sleep on the preparation of nasty epigrams, we muddy our souls with that form of art known as the "thumping poster." It is necessary for our comfort that our opponents should be daily convicted, not only of scoundrellism wholesale, but of scoundrellism retail. Every day must furnish a new crisis, and an unprecedented betrayal. No Shop Hours Act shall procure them a half-day's respite; the peace of Sunday itself would be intolerable if it were not punctuated with thunder. It would be no fantastic definition of an "active politician" to say that he is a man who is always arguing with another man, without ever seeing the other man's point. Now it may be urged that this way of going-on proves at least that we take politics seriously, and treat it with the respect due to it as the most important of secular realities. But in fact it proves the contrary. The true human response to real things is not garrulity, but action. People who talk daggers incessantly do not, as a rule, use even bodkins. And if the excessive word is, in general, at enmity with the necessary deed, there are features even more disabling in the special case with which we are occupied. It is the old

story of destroying emphasis by emphasizing everything. We have all met the student who does not feel at home with his text-book until he has underlined every sentence in it. Political controversy—one had better say gladiatorism—is deeply infected with the same illusion. All the little fishes in it talk like whales. The youngest of us has lived through such a succession of “tremendous crises” and “turning points in the march of progress,” he has seen the “final ruin of the Empire” accomplished, “civilization outraged” and “purity of administration poisoned at its very source” so often, and on the other hand, has participated in so many of the “greatest steps forward in our time and generation” that he has become, or ought to have become, somewhat critical and even callous. The schoolboy who had been to *Julius Caesar* expressed himself as jolly glad that he had not been born in ancient Rome: it was blank verse all the time, and he was sure that he never could have managed it. It is just as severe a tax on the ordinary mind to live in a political world in which it is Armageddon or the New Jerusalem all the time.

If garrulity, then, weakens the faculty and debauches the aim of action, can it be justified on the ground that it makes converts? Even if this plea be stated at its strongest it will not, I think, be found adequate: the size of the crop is no return for the seed scattered, and the cost of the sowing. The process of conversion is, as has been suggested, freaky, erratic, and not reducible to any clear principles of causation. The man who is led to change sides by a little silent, stiff reading of books must not be credited as a gain to the diurnal apparatus of controversy with which we are now dealing. That forbids silence, and does not express itself in the spacious solidity of books. Indeed, English lit-

erature, so rich in everything else, is singularly poor in what may be called books of induction into politics. Other turnovers are referable to other motives. An elector will discover, for instance, that the leaders of his party have expunged the *not* from a commandment which had previously been held fundamental. He does not leave the party, the party leaves him. The entrance of others into the new light is consequent upon careful study, and a sound prognostic of the phenomenon of feline saltation. These are not, in the strict sense, converts; this point of view is indeed often pressed upon them with a certain harshness of language. But it ought to be noted in their favor that they are among the most trustworthy of politicians. You always know where to find them; you have only to go to the winning side. Further defections and adhesions are to be ascribed to family affection. A nephew, or a son-in-law, or the son of a friend, is seeking a public career in the opposite camp, and an elector, previously Blue, will vote Yellow in order to give the young fellow a leg up. The damned-shame theory will be found to cover most of the remainder, and this involves a mystical passion which is not really explicable at all in terms of the platform. We must not, of course, ignore the cardinal consideration that most people are not convertible at all, and are never converted. Things go against them, it is true, and they are left bewailing the wholesomer past, and fighting a hopeless rearguard action against the triumphant evil of the present. Their children growing up in the shadow of the accomplished fact do not have to renounce the prejudices of their fathers: they are simply born on the other side, and there is an end of the matter. Whether a psychology of these processes can be constructed is doubtful: certainly they root deeply

in human nature. Every habit is a sort of organic Toryism, every idea is a Radical, at least *in potentia*. We cannot very well get on without some equipment of both, and the harmony established between them, early or late, determines our politics. It is not established without a struggle. It is not only in Tartarin of Tarascon that two personalities conflict, the one calling to labor and glory, the other to old slippers and familiar delights. Some balance we must reach between what is and what might be, and most of us reach it pretty soon. We attach ourselves to some *ism*, and spend the rest of our lives in discovering gradually what it means, and why we believe it to be right. We certainly do not need, morning and evening, tonic draughts of dialectic to confirm us. They do not make our faith better, and they do keep us in a fret of censoriousness, a ferment of self-praise, which cannot be good for anybody.

Our hygiene of intellect is then demonstrably at fault, very much at fault. The endless iteration to which we decree ourselves is defended as a necessary means of "keeping the party's pecker up." M. Sorel would perhaps think it more dignified to speak of the perpetuation of the myth, or poetical lie, which, in his interpretation, inspires each group to the conquest of truth. Some eager spirits cannot be happy unless they are constantly "rubbing it in," as if wisdom was a sort of embrocation, and others conceive their art as a form of hypnotism. This last is the central and common idea, and the slightest examination of it condemns our procedure. Our methods produce boredom, and boredom happens to be the one condition of mind that makes hypnotism impossible. No one can be hypnotized without intense concentration on his part, generated by acute interest. And if our conduct of the intellect is fool-

ish, the attitude of our wills is almost wicked. We ascribe to certain lines of policy—our own programme, to wit—a magic potency and fruitfulness which we well know they do not possess. We deceive the young with extravagant hopes, the failure of which plunges them into that calm-melancholy which they call "disillusionment." We mislead the poor with promises grossly in excess of the limitations of political reform. This is no special vice of any particular party; we are all in the same boat. There is involved, be it noted, a grave offence to human nature. We reduce the integral man to the status of a mere political unit, and we then reduce his politics to terms of a single factor. We treat him, not as a man, but as an aspect of a point of view. The fiscal controversy furnishes a clinching example of this. We know that external trade policy is only one element in the complicated web of causation that makes nations prosperous or miserable. We know that, whatever else may be said about the sort of Protection proposed, the one thing certain is that a scheme so limited will not make much difference one way or the other. But we talk on both sides as if nothing else in the world counted, or mattered. Our pockets bulge with quack Utopias for sale to the crowd: "Free Trade, and big loaves for everybody," "Tariff Reform and fine jobs for everybody." We even insult other nations with our rhetoric. Germany, the United States, France, are all Hells on earth or Heavens on earth according to our bias: none of them is allowed to be merely an earth on earth. This habit of over-crying our goods is so deeply enregistered in us that any lapse attracts attention. Our Irish realism, for instance, is overwhelmed with reproaches. English observers are shocked or, as the case may be, exultant at what they call our lack of

enthusiasm at the approach of Home Rule. They expect rhapsodies and sunbursts, and are bewildered to find only very earnest discussions of the probable influence of autonomy on taxation and tweed, on bad roads and the beef export. Every sin against the set limits of life, every breaking of bounds by the practical imagination, carries its own retribution with it. In the present instance the penalty is heavy. It consists in the ruling out of politics of the experimental method, and this is a great misfortune. For the normal man is not, of his own choice, a prophet. Faced with one of those vast and serious problems of our intricate modern life, his own impulse would lead him to try some solution, to see how it worked, and to learn from experience. Such scientific modesty is not permitted us. The politician who does not dogmatize in advance of the facts is lost. Success is to the man who is more cocksure about everything than anybody ought to be about anything. The Myth exacts its sacrifices.

Is there to be discerned any promise of relief? It may, I think, be said that there is a glimmer, faint but perceptible. The first condition of a cure is certainly present, namely, a realization of the fact of disease. There is a general, vague sense of malaise, a feeling that the place of politics in the communal life is not what it was, and that new adjustments are necessary. The suggestion appears in many shapes, some of them extremely questionable. The protest, or rather, the riot in ink associated with the names of Mr. Belloc and the Messrs. Chesterton, is perhaps the most respectable, although it is by no means tiresomely respectable. Men of true literary genius are nearly always feverish and incompetent politicians, and these men of genius have not escaped the laws of their temperament. No movement

was ever before so brilliantly, and so variously wrong. Their campaign is wrong in principle, in aim, in method, and in temper. I doubt whether their followers understand in any sort of vital way the full menace and horror of their programme. Roughly it amounts to an assertion that the ordinary citizen is insufficiently interested in the conduct of the state. At present he spends only about half his spare time talking politics; in future he must so spend it all. He must follow, clause by clause, the business of Parliament, instant to detect tyranny in a comma, and enslavement in a schedule. The party system—that convenient canalization of political effort—must disappear. Every voter must be his own leader: he must whip himself up every day to whatever scratch dominates his conscience for the time being. As for his general attitude towards Parliament and the members of it, instruction in detail cannot be given, but it must be one of contempt. Only thus can the people enter into its heritage. Such a programme affects me like something half way between a pantomime, and a nightmare. It stupefies, it overwhelms. And why has it been formulated? Because Mr. Belloc discovered that Ministers sometimes promote their relatives, and Mr. Chesterton discovered that they sometimes dip their pannikins into the milky flood of the Stock Exchange. To strike upon a motive so trivial was bad enough; still worse is it that the blow should have come from Brutus. One could understand a machine-shop Socialist like Mr. Wells, whose very dreams must glisten like polished steel, kicking his world to pieces because a few specks of dust have got into the mechanism. But Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton cannot do so without a complete abandonment of their philosophy. The very spiritual essence of them was that they spoke up for the



warm, fallible, and human man against the bloodless-perfect phantasms and categories. And now they suddenly denounce walking because you cannot walk without compromising the unsullied cleanness of your boots. Losing a ship for the lack of a ha'porth of tar was nothing to this: they desert the ship because a few drops of tar have been spilled on her snowy deck. Coventry Patmore says somewhere that belief in man's perfectibility on earth is the last proof of insanity. That is sound Catholic doctrine, full of good sense and intelligent humility. Nobody knows better than the authors of the League for Clean Government that there never existed, and never will exist, in this world an absolutely clean government. There runs through the whole of the material a certain obvious flaw which inhibits any such ideal sculpture—that flaw which is known to the highest science as Original Sin. The devil is not dead, and he does not neglect his business. Wherever you look, whether in the State or in the human organization of the Church, you are bound to find a leaven of corruption. To suggest that in our time, and not before it, this leaven has become more noticeable and more dangerous is a flat denial of facts of which neither Mr. Belloc nor the Messrs. Chesterton would be guilty. One must reluctantly charge them with the gravest of all political offences: they have disturbed the soul of youth with impossible dreams. They have committed high treason against the decent finitude of life. To the workers, rejoicing in their newly-won safeguard against destitution, they have cried out a learned jeer about bread and circuses: by telling men authoritatively that they were slaves they have in truth enslaved them. These are sad divagations, and they point to a future even more sinister. Let Mr. Gilbert Chesterton keep

company for even a little longer with these inhuman cleannesses, and he will end up as President of the Eugenic Society. His brother will likely become not merely a Dickensian, but a real barrister. Mr. Belloc, who is an excellent economist, will wake up to find himself promoting a company to suppress company promoting.

The truth is that the party machine is necessary, and that it is very far from being a necessary evil. Only by acceptance, and the right use of it, can the ordinary citizen hope to live at his maximum of political efficiency, and at the same time keep something of himself for that more secret spiritual activity which, for lack of a better name, is called culture. If political life is to continue at all, bodies of men must agree to act together. The moment they decide on such general action—naturally on the basis of ideas held in common—a party organization creates itself. A constitution, officers, committees, inner committees spring almost spontaneously into existence. The subscriptions that needs must be levied generate that awful fact, a party fund. What is there to quarrel with? For any individual member of such a body to complain that he cannot express through it his whole mind and temperament is absurd: it is like condemning a garden spade because you cannot shave with it. There is no foreshortening, and no oppression of conscience. Matters on which we differ are left outside, as not relevant to our limited and special purpose. And party programmes are not static formulæ, but organic growths. If it seems to us that ours ought to develop in certain directions it is our task to explain, to argue, to canvass, to force our new ideas into it by the pressure of vitality. Contempt for the technical forms, under which laws are both made and administered, is a wholesome exuberance of the young. It

helps to preserve the spirit from the letter that kills, but it does not affect the clear necessity for some sort of letter. Ritual is of the essence of social organization. An anarchist may deny all authority, but you cannot have a meeting of anarchists without a chairman set in authority over it. Contempt for politicians, for the type of personality produced by their calling, is a still poorer foundation. It is significant that the only skilled pursuit in which the amateur sneers at the professional is politics. The sneer is, moreover, wholly unjustified. The ethical level of contemporary "professional" politics is certainly higher than that of contemporary business; its intellectual level is certainly higher than that of contemporary literature. And, of the three, the public man has the hardest task set him. He is the only citizen who is obliged to choose omniscience for his specialism. The nature of the relationship binding him to his constituents is one of the most baffling cases in casuistry, and it is for him an acute and daily problem. No other man is asked to drive so difficult a pair of chariot-horses as his of private ambition and public duty. We must not idealize, but to me he seems to make rather a better hand of his exacting trade than we make of ours. It is the fashion to speak of the qualities requisite for political life as altogether paltry, and undistinguished. M. Clémenceau, for instance, when asked the other day what were the claims of M. Doumergue to the Premiership, replied: "He has a very loud voice." But aptitude, ranging from average talent to decisive genius, is a force just as dominant and unmistakable in the profession of politics as in any other. The contention that the pecuniary rewards are extravagant cannot be treated seriously. You can have two Members of Parliament at the nominal cost of one middling Civil

Servant, and at a much lower real cost. A greed that is satisfied with £400 a year is much too modest to be dangerous.

The politician invites ridicule when with Mr. Lloyd George he calls himself the priest of humanity. If his function sometimes approaches the sacerdotal, it bears, at other times, a strong resemblance to that of the scavenger. It is a specialized calling, made necessary by our complex civilization, no better and no worse than any other. You become master of the masters of it not by barren abuse, but by fruitful acceptance. In my native city it used to be a bye-word of folly that a man should hire a cab and run after it. There is no better wisdom in creating a highly articulated system of delegation, conference, and enactment, and then proceeding to do personally the work that we have deputized. That citizen economizes his energy best, who concerns himself only with large principles, and leaves to his appropriate specialist all matters of technique. There is involved no peril to freedom. The "insolence of elected persons" which angered Walt Whitman is not in truth formidable. Go beyond their time they cannot, and, if they go beyond their programme, the evil can only be temporary. The community at large is amply protected, protected above all by that very palladium of liberty, the Right to Yawn. Freezing, which is merely the yawn of water, will crumble any rock. Gulliver, in the fable, delivers himself from the mesh woven about his sleep by the Lilliputians by the simple process of stretching himself. The national organism best repels outrage not by incessant twitchings, but by long, receptive, silent accumulations of force duly discharging themselves in the end in that muscular avalanche of a yawn which is styled a General Election. In

addition to this regimen there is, of course, need also of a philosophy. One does not like to use the term pessimism; it is a word that has kept very queer company in its day. If you so much as suggest that you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's lugs, make a pint pot hold a quart, or butter parsnips with soft words, the odds are that somebody will call you a pessimist, or even a dyspeptic crank. But it is very advisable that, at a reasonably raw age, a citizen should, like Arnold, or rather Empedocles, decide to nurse no extravagant hope. Politics can never be the architect of the New Jerusalem: it is not cut out to be much more than a speculative, suburban builder. It is, as Lord Morley says, eminently the province of the second best. You cannot do anything in it without doing some harm. It is far from being a patent specific against all the ills that human hearts endure. Used in the way suggested it will give us a world just good enough to live in. So using it the citizen may hope to approximate to a frugal content. With hardly a pang of envy he will leave the Olympus of the illus-

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trated papers to be ruled by Tango actresses, Cabinet ministers, authors, and the more select and imaginative criminals. For his part he will ripen in the joyous humiliations of marriage, and the dynamic wisdom of the nursery. He will devote himself to those pursuits by which the soul of man is bettered: a reduction of his golf handicap, music, religion, and ascetical control of the enlarging girth. He will have time for picture-theatres, revues, aviation meetings, dinners to distinguished French Pagans, Sir George Alexander, Mr. Granville Barker, the Abbey Players, and Miss Horniman's repertory company. For crown of his happiness, he will also have time to read the admirable books of Mr. Belloc, and the two Chestertons, major and minor. He may even manage, although this is improbable, to keep within say two novels' length of Mr. Eden Philpotts, and three of Mr. Arnold Bennett, and to miss no more than four or five masterpieces of Mr. John Masefield in a lucky year. Upon this golden possibility I beg humbly to conclude.

*T. M. Kettle.*

## INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

Christian sociologists are watching with deep interest and with some anxiety the developments of the labor problem in this country, on the Continent, in the United States, in Australia, and elsewhere. Recent trade disputes are symptomatic of a widespread and deep-seated feeling of dissatisfaction with present industrial conditions. Much has been spoken and written on the subject by well-meaning persons, whose wisdom is not always equal to their zeal. Homilies addressed either to employers or to workmen are of no avail. They can be

convinced only by the stern logic of facts. It may be permissible, however, to remind both sides in the industrial disputes that they are parts of one organic whole forming the body politic. Capital and labor are essential to each other. There is no inherent and irreconcilable antagonism between them. They are closely related and mutually dependent. St. Paul's illustration of the mutual functions of the bodily organs is applicable to the case. Detachment, isolation, independence, opposition, are unreasonable, and ought to be impossible, in

the nature of things. If the attempt be made, on either side, to dispense with, or to subjugate the other, it must end in disaster. Our Lord's golden rule needs to be strictly applied in this matter, as in every concern of daily life. Happily, there are conspicuous instances of its application on the part of numerous Christian employers and Christian workpeople, with honor and advantage to themselves. May the instances increase and abound!

No reasonable person denies the right of combination. There are times and circumstances when concerted action is necessary, and when legitimate objects can be obtained in no other way. In former periods, and almost within living memory, stringent and unjust laws were enforced in England against all combinations of workmen. From the days of the Tudors, the impossible task was attempted of regulating by Acts of Parliament the relations between masters and men. The latter could not legally travel from one place to another in search of employment. The hours of labor and the rates of wages were fixed by statute. Persons giving or accepting more were liable to fine and imprisonment. There were constant evasions, but social conditions became more and more wretched, partly owing to these absurd combination laws, and partly to those relating to the relief of the poor and to parochial settlement. In 1824 the right of combination was conceded, but trade unions had no legal status, and no legal protection for their funds. Moreover, the ancient common law against conspiracy continued to be enforced, and the judge-made law of "common employment" was rigorously applied. Not until 1869 did trade unions receive protection for their funds, and seven more years elapsed before the Legislature recognized the lawfulness of two or more

persons doing what it had always been lawful for an individual to do for the protection of his own interests. The ancient Master and Servant Act was also repealed, and other measures of an equitable and a beneficial character were passed. Within the last decade the work of emancipation from artificial and arbitrary restrictions has been completed.

Whether the concession of the right to combine, and to organize strikes, has been always exercised with wisdom and fairness, may be doubted. A strike, like a war, entails much loss and suffering on the combatants. The victors do not escape from inevitable calamity. There may be objects that seem attainable in no other way than by a strike on the one side or by a lock-out on the other. But the consequences are so terrible, in hunger, distress, and misery, and in the derangement of trade, that wise and practical leaders of trade unions are reluctant to counsel or to authorize a strike, except in the last resort. There are inexorable conditions of trade and of the labor market which have to be considered. If trade is bad, and unemployed laborers are numerous, no combination can force up wages. On the other hand, they will rise by a natural law when trade is brisk and when there is a scarcity of workers. Under such conditions, no combination of employers can force down wages, even if they desired or attempted to do so. An employer does not carry on his business, and a workman does not render service, from benevolent motives, but as a means of livelihood. The former naturally seeks to make the best terms for himself, and the latter as naturally does the same. Both of them are subject to outside conditions. It is immaterial to an employer what wages are paid, provided that a profit can be realized, but it is useless for the work-

man to declare that under no circumstances will he accept less than a certain amount, or to insist on an increase, when the conditions of trade and of labor are against him. Individual capacity, industry, intelligence and character will also have to be taken into account.

Self-interest compels a manufacturer to concede a reasonable demand, or one that may be in only a slight degree unreasonable, rather than incur the great loss that is entailed by the stoppage of costly machinery, with the deterioration of plant that always ensues. He may have in hand extensive orders or contracts, which he is forced to complete under heavy penalties or to avert serious disaster. Moreover, he is the rival of other manufacturers, and does not wish them to secure an advantage at his expense, if he can avoid this by a timely and fair concession to his workpeople. Hence any attempt to force an issue in any branch of industry, irrespective of the state of the labor market and the requirements of the public, is most unwise and blameworthy. When men are waiting to step into the places of those who strike for higher wages or for shorter hours of work, it needs no gift of prophecy to forecast the issue. Again it must be said that the number of unemployed mainly determines the rate of wages. Men must live, and in order to do so they must work. No humane person can fail to wish for them something more than a bare subsistence, with great improvements in their social condition and surroundings; but the question is mainly one of economics, and not of philanthropy. The modern demand for a living wage, or a minimum wage, or a standard of comfort, or shortened hours, however desirable in itself, cannot be secured by legislative means. The correlative of an artificial rise in wages is an enhance-

ment in prices of all the necessities of life. If goods cost more to produce, they must be sold for more in the market. Every consumer has to bear his share of the burden of increase. How much is any one benefited by prices being forced up all round?

The position may be expressed in a simple formula. When two workmen are running after one employer, wages will sink, but when two employers are in search of one workman, wages will rise. To contend against this natural law is as futile as it would be to attempt to arrest the tides or the rain, or to control the winds, or to invert the order of the Solar System. While it is impossible not to feel deep commiseration for many of the working classes, and especially the women and children, in seasons of depression, and poverty, and suffering—not a little of which is attributable to ignorance and improvidence—care must be taken to guard against the nostrums propounded by benevolent sciolists, whose patent specifics aggravate the evils they profess to cure. The real test of the value of wages is what they will buy. It is not the number or the nominal worth of the coins received for a day's or a week's labor that constitute high wages, but how much they can purchase in the way of rent, food, and clothing. The great struggle in London and in all large towns is to find the seven, or eight, or ten shillings every week for the rent of a small and inconvenient dwelling. Even if a room or two be let to lodgers, many thousands of operatives and laborers find that a fourth or third of their precarious earnings are swallowed up in this way. The tendency during recent years is for the prices of most commodities to rise. A Return recently issued by the Board of Trade, based upon a wide induction of verified facts, shows that since 1905 the cost of living, so far as regards the staple neces-



saries, has increased from fifteen to twenty per cent. With the growing population, and its aggregation into towns and cities, the tendency is towards a further rise in prices, which is accelerated and aggravated with every increase in wages. There is no limit to the vicious circle.

Trade runs in cycles. A period of activity is certain to be followed by one of comparative stagnation. The swing of the pendulum is always to the opposite point. Ungenial seasons, a failure in the crops, blight and mildew, an earthquake, a tornado, a war, a great conflagration, an outbreak of some epidemic, suffice to explain transitions in trade. The countries of the world are so inter-related and mutually dependent that what affects one affects all, in varying measure. Changes in fashion largely influence trade, and so does rash speculation. Excessive expenditure in imperial and local affairs; the undue multiplication of officials who have to be supported and pensioned out of taxes and rates; the hundred and fifty pounds now spent every minute, night and day, all the year round, on the Army and Navy; the vast increase in the non-productive classes of the community; the improvidence and waste that so largely prevail; the false notion that wealth can be created without work or thrift—these things, and many others, account for depression in trade. It cannot be improved by direct intervention on the part of a Government. All that can be attempted in this way is the removal of artificial barriers and obstacles, so that trade may find free natural scope. Economic and just administration of affairs, and the lightening as far as possible of public burdens, contribute to a healthy expansion of trade. The two factors that determine market values and retail prices are the quantity of goods available for use, and the num-

ber of purchasers. When the supply is limited, and buyers are competing, prices advance. They recede when markets are glutted, or when purchasers are few. The above are self-evident propositions, as indisputable as the axioms of Euclid. To rail against them is useless. Trite as they may appear, many persons seem ignorant or oblivious of them.

During the last two years the country has been distracted, and incalculable public injury has been caused by strikes on a large scale among miners, railway servants, and transport workers generally. Numerous factories had to be closed for lack of fuel. Trade was paralyzed. The means of transit were almost wholly cut off in many districts, and some necessities of life reached famine prices, owing to inadequate supplies. The object avowed by unthinking and irresponsible persons was to inflict inconvenience and loss upon the community at large, in order to compel a concession of certain demands. The effect on the public was only to annoy and exasperate. Everybody suffered, including the tens of thousands of strikers, with their wives and families. A moderate estimate gave the actual loss in wages during these terrible weeks as a million and a half. No figures can represent the cost of the struggle to the whole community. Compromises made, in order to put an end to the fratricidal war, failed to accomplish the desired ends. It is always so. Lost wages and lost trade, like lost time, can never be recovered. Instances have repeatedly occurred of thousands of men suspending work because some demand was not granted, or being locked out because they saw fit to reject certain terms. Even if they gained the day—which is rarely the case—the actual loss of wages was not made up for years. The deprivation of home necessities and comforts

during a period of industrial warfare, the impaired health of children through lack of nutriment, the sacrifice at forced prices of articles of furniture and clothing, the anxiety, mental strain, and nervous exhaustion, cannot be estimated and are never made up. The generosity of the public cannot supply the deficiency and make good the waste. Moreover, at such a season the funds of trade unions are depleted, if not wholly exhausted. Money subscribed as a provision for sickness or old age has to be used for immediate and pressing necessities, and so the accumulations of careful and thrifty years vanish. No wonder, then, that practical and reasonable men, on both sides, deprecate and dread a state of warfare between capital and labor.

One of the most objectionable and dangerous forms assumed by recent labor disputes is the attempt to interfere with individual liberty and the absolute right to freedom of contract which every man possesses. Some recent strikes have occurred from a refusal to work with non-unionists. If a body of men choose to leave work and go on strike, whatever may be thought of the wisdom of their action, they are at liberty to do so. But they must respect the rights of others. They cannot be allowed to threaten or molest others in order to induce them to abstain from work, or to compel them to join a trade union if they prefer to remain outside. Such interference or intimidation is contrary to English law and to moral duty. If a man is willing to work for a sum agreed upon between himself and an employer, why should he not be at full liberty to do so? It is to the interest of the working classes to take a firm attitude in this matter. Much is heard of the alleged tyranny of masters—and they are not uniformly perfect—but there is a danger of laborers being

tyrannized over by members of their own order, concerning whom it must also be said that they are not uniformly perfect. It is alien to the genius of English liberty to sanction attempts to introduce the dogmas and practices of the International or Socialist parties in Germany and elsewhere, who cherish the vain dream of being able to regulate demand and supply, cost and prices, work and wages, family claims and social conditions, heedless of individual requirements and capabilities, and irrespective of the immutable laws that control human life and duty. The instincts of our common nature, and personal tastes, aptitudes, and needs, cannot be ignored or violated with impunity.

It is to be hoped that with the growth of Intelligence and as a result of lessons learned in the stern school of experience, and by an enlarged application of the teachings of Christ to the affairs of daily life, a spirit of "sweet reasonableness" may be more and more displayed in the settlement of labor difficulties and disputes. In not a few notable cases the rough and clumsy methods hitherto prevailing have yielded to mutual consideration and concessions. Some eminent firms and companies, employing thousands of persons, have earned deserved renown for just and kindly treatment. As Carlyle observed, the cash nexus is not the only or the principal bond between master and servant. Where this is recognized, friction and misunderstanding are rare, and a friendly conference soon devises a method of adjustments. External arbitration is not always satisfactory, because it often consists in a mere splitting of the difference, to the contentment of neither side. Boards of Conciliation, like *Conseils de Prud'hommes* in France, work smoothly and effectually in certain trades. They are usually com-

posed of an equal number of employers and workpeople, and an umpire chosen by both. To this body are submitted any differences that arise, and its decision is final. The general adoption of some such method would obviate most of the troubles and conflicts that arise between the two great forces of capital and labor. The Trade Disputes Act, now in operation, part of the system of social adjustment inaugurated by modern legislation, will accomplish much towards the realization of an end devoutly to be wished by all reasonable, patriotic, Christian men. In order to the ultimate success of any such scheme, however, a loyal observance of the decisions reached is essential. Unless there be mutual confidence, and a determination on both

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sides to abide by the compact, all endeavors after industrial peace and concord will be in vain.

It is sometimes alleged that there is less of conscience and of just pride in work than was formerly the case; the main object being to secure the maximum of wages for the minimum of perfunctory labor. Probably the generalization is too sweeping, yet it contains a measure of truth. In this respect, and in some others, the Apostolic maxim is strictly applicable, of combining diligence in business with fervor of spirit, in order that the highest form of service may be rendered, springing from a pure and noble motive. In this way, Work may become Worship.

*W. H. S. Aubrey.*

## THE TILERIES STACK.

### CHAPTER IV.

But there was healing in Mary's eyes for the old man's craziness, as well as unbearable reproach and pain. Suddenly the fingers of his great hands clawed the air and then the rope. "Bide wheer you be, my love!" he cried huskily. "Keep quiet and dunnot stir one of thy dear feet." After which he shouted, "I'll be with thee in a tick, young Jimmie Bishop!"

Before the words were uttered he was on the rope, and it seemed to Mary but the fraction of a tick more ere he was alongside Jimmie on that cornice-edge. And in the next tick or two he did one of the most remarkable things he had ever done in his lifetime of deadly risks.

"Daddy, be careful!" said Mary softly. She pressed her hands to her breast. She knew nothing about the state of mind or body of Jimmie, reclining there so strangely still and silent, but it was as manifest as both

the loved heads beneath her that their two lives hung upon a thread—that is to say, if Jimmie started forward.

Straddled across him on those few inches of foothold, having first stooped and put his hand to Jimmie's heart and nodded as if he were pleased, the chimney-jack was pulling up the rope. He stood as steady and almost as straight as the long reach of the stack itself, watching Jimmie as a hunter would watch as much as he could see of an ambushed lion. Thus, drawing in the rope, and poised as untroubled by nerves as a fly, he comforted his daughter. "Skeered out of his senses—same as a faint—that's all that's amiss wi' him, my love!" he called up to her confidently.

Then the end of the rope was in his hand, and he quickly nudged it behind Jimmie's waist, brought it round twice, and knotted it fast.

"Do for him, that ought!" he said, and almost before Mary could guess

about his next proceeding he had unstraddled and then stridden the six or seven farther feet of the edge which separated him from the up-rights of the scaffold. He clambered up the nearest of these without a pause, like an agile old ape, and then, hugging Mary's face to his broad chest, and patting her shoulder, chuckled these words as it were to the lightning-rod behind her back: "Now us wunna be long, lovey, and a drop o' spirits'll mek his wheels go round ag'in, sure as gum! You come in the very nick o' time, the Lord be thanked. Amen!"

"Amen!" echoed Mary.

He almost stifled her in his embrace. Nor did he release her altogether until she was seated to his satisfaction on that summit boulevard by the cross-pole to which the rope was attached, ready, as he said, "for what you'm about to receive, my love."

She soon received it. Jimmie was hauled up as easily as a truss of straw and placed on the stonework with his head handy for Mary's lap.

Standing over her and the little flat brandy-bottle he had given her, the old man would then at once have made complete confession if she had let him. "I'll tell thee the whole yarn, and no lies, so far as I'm in it, my love—wicked sinner that I be!" he began.

But she wouldn't let him. "I don't want to hear it!" she said, darting him a full-faced look.

Never had the old man seen her so beautiful. Though she spoke rather impatiently, there was a smile on her face which could mean nothing but happiness.

She coaxed more brandy between Jimmie's lips; while, thrusting his hands into his pockets, Phineas lurched away toward the ladder-top. He wrinkled his brows at the Tileries yard beneath him, then lurched back

and said, "I meant to kill the lad, and he knows it."

"Yes; but you didn't do it.—And you'll forgive him, won't you, Jimmie?—And no one else will know, daddy, except just us three, so it doesn't matter.—Does it, Jimmie?" said Mary composedly to the ashen face in her hands.

"Ay, but he'd not wed thee now if thee'd millions o' money, my wench," urged Phineas, as from the pit of despair. "Maybe if I was to chuck myself over"—

"Hush!" said Mary, raising a warning finger.

And then she made a screen of her arms for Jimmie's eyes in their re-opening, the signs of which she had discerned. She bent over him, too, and her hair fell as a further screen—a glossy brown silken curtain—betwixt him and the exciting world of consciousness.

Thus when his eyelids parted he saw her face in a kind of private shadowland, and nothing besides.

But his brain was still weak. His eyes were vacant, and scarcely open ere they closed again, and he seemed to shudder.

"Don't you know me, dear?" Mary asked, and lifted her head a little.

He looked again. "Why—hello—it's Mary!" he murmured. "What the—what's your hair down for? I've had such a rotten dream."

"Yes, Jimmie; and you must have some more physic for it. Lie still, please. *Please*, Jimmie! You're not able yet!"

But, able or not, he rose sufficiently to understand that it was no dream. Then back he slipped into her arms. "How—awful!" he gasped, and lay trembling in that warm haven for a second or two. Then he roused again and said sharply, "Where is he?"

Jimmie turned his face and saw him. Old Phineas had receded to the

ladders again. He stood there like a prince of gollwogs, his hands twitching by his sides, his chin-bearded mouth open, and abject misery in his eyes—a magnificent tonic for any one with an imagination and that priceless gift of humor which enables a man to sink his own personality in rich enjoyment of an eccentric fellow-creature!

Other forces were in operation upon Jimmie for his soothing, but he was unaware of them at the time—Mary's arms, her breath on his cheek, and the love shining through the tenderness and strength in her eyes. All he knew quite certainly just then was that Phineas was a unique object. His smile broadened. The chimney-jack winced visibly at it, made a clumsy step forward, and stopped.

And then a little more of Mary's magic came into play, and the curtain began to fall smoothly upon the tragedy of the Tileries stack.

"Say something nice to him, Jimmie—poor daddy! He's so ashamed of himself!" she whispered.

Jimmy said something nice to her first, with the light of intellect and courage, and something better than either, in his returned gaze at her.

"Ashamed!" he cried. "What about me, then?" He caught up her hand and kissed it. "Darling!" he murmured.

"Thank you, Jimmie!" she said very simply.

"Yes; but that's only a start," he continued ardently. "Wait till we're on good old mother-ground again, and I'll kiss the dirt on your feet—I mean on your dear boots."

"I'm sure you sha'n't, Jimmie," she said, sparkling faintly. "But do make it up quickly with father! We've got to get down. It was bad enough coming up, wondering!"

"Ah!" said Jimmie, scrambling to his feet.

He marched towards the staring chimney-jack between the two abysses, as unconcerned about them as Phineas himself.

"Mr. Ridley," he exclaimed with a blithe smile and his hand extended, "we've both been off our chumps a bit. Let's forget it. Shall we?"

The chimney-jack gurgled like a water-tap trying to do its duty against strong opposition.

"What's that, sir? I didn't quite catch it," said Jimmie, inclining an ear. There was some mischief in his smile now.

"I'm a wicked sinner, Mr. Bishop—that's what I said," declared Phineas plainly.

"Oh, indeed!" Jimmie laughed aloud. "My dear chap, what does it matter? I'm another. Every one is, I expect, except Mary. A good job, too. Cut out crime and sin and so forth, and it would be a tame world for some of us chaps who have to write about it. Let us be friends again, the same as we used to be. I'm going to get as rich as Mary in next to no time, and then!"

"Rich!" roared Phineas. "Her bain't rich at all." Out came Corser & Jones's letter. "He've left her nowt worth speakin' about. Read this, Mr. Bishop. It come only this mornin'. Read it, lad, and maybe it'll help you to mek some allowance for me."

Mottled red and purple with emotion, he held forth the letter, his hand trembling as no chimney-jack's hand ought ever to tremble.

But, instead of touching the letter, Jimmie turned to Mary. She sat at his elbow, waiting, watching, silently inspiring. Of course she was.

"Yes, Jimmie," she said, with a little nod. "You can't understand daddy's feelings properly, like me.—But don't get so excited, dear. Remember where we are! Oh Jimmie, how *could* you!"

It was a question for Jimmie to ask



himself an hour later, but not then. He hadn't a nerve to trouble him in that impetuous instant. Having clasped her to him and kissed her as she deserved to be kissed, he wheeled round at old Phineas again.

For a lively spell he pump-handled the chimney-jack's horny palm in the hearty, low-class Bidston way, while the old man mouthed in vain attempts at a suitable speech of gratitude and affection.

"If theer's owt on this earth"—he got forth at length.

And then Mary took them both firmly in hand. There was to be no more nonsense of any unsettling kind until they were all off the chimney.

They sat by the scaffold, and after a few preliminary words arranged for the descent. Mary was particularly anxious about Jimmie, who now remembered the telegram, and gave it to Mr. Ridley with a short and frivolous account of it.

"It's the last thing I could ever have fancied your doing, Jimmie," she said gravely, as if she doubted his tongue and spirits alike. "Are you *sure* you didn't get frightened?"

He laughed the thought to scorn. "Did I look frightened, Mr. Ridley?" he asked.

"No, lad," answered the chimney-jack; "you looked amazin' sry. But—this telegram, my love. It's a job at Defford. I dunno what's up w' Tom Swallow."

"He's ill in bed, father," said Mary. "It was calling and finding him laid up that made me come on to make sure you got the message.—I met the boy, and he described you, Jimmie, and afterwards I saw you going up. But we won't talk about that now.—Daddy get some rope."

That was how they went down the Tileries stack—roped as if on the Matterhorn.

Jimmie declared that it was an indignity if it was to be done expressly for him; but Mary was stubborn about it; and in fact he was glad enough of old Phineas's linked support at that turn of the cornice.

"Steady does it, lad!" gruffed old Phineas above him here, and from below Mary was ready to guide his feet if they wandered on the brink. It was not the first stack she had climbed; but it should be the last.

"Never another one, after this!" she said fervently when they were safe in the yard, and she had submitted to one more brisk, businesslike embrace from Jimmie. "How *could* you laugh coming down, dear? You do so puzzle me to-day!"

Jimmie had chuckled audibly two or three times in the last hundred feet. He laughed again beamingly, and then spoke close to her ear.

"What! *now*, Jimmie—at once?" she asked.

"Yes," said he. "I must. I'm in a white-heat.—And do forgive me, Mr. Ridley, if I cut the blessed thing. You'll never get it untied at this rate. It came at me like a mosquito just now—the plot, I mean. There! Good-bye till you see me in the Lane by-and-by."

He hacked at the rope with his pen-knife while he rattled off these words.

Down it fell, and he began to run just as he was. But Mary called out, "Your hat, Jimmie; you've forgotten it, you mad boy;" and he darted back and into the shed.

He reappeared with her hat as well as his own and the bag, and placed her hat on her head. "What ganders men are, Mary—*my* Mary!" he ejaculated, with a smile of supreme contentment.

"Yes, Jimmie, sometimes, dear!" said she. "But won't you leave the bag for us if you're in such a hurry?"

"Ay, lad!" said old Phineas, extending his arm for it.

But Jimmie ran off definitely then. "Hanged if I will!" he cried; and he was soon out of their sight. The man in charge at the Tileries gate removed his pipe from his mouth to proffer a question about such scampering; but Jimmie sped past him with a moderate wave of the bag.

So to the pit-mounds, Prospect Crescent, and Bidston's side-streets, with little abatement of his pace until he was in the town. Here he regained some breath in the shop of Mr. Hyam, Bidston's principal jeweller, before proceeding to the hotel; and in about five minutes he exchanged with Mr. Hyam a cheque to the value of twenty pounds for a ring of diamonds clustered round three rubies, which the jeweller assured him would please any young lady. It was to replace a previous ring of quite small cost which Mary had worn when he left Bidston, but the absence of which from her hand had briefly—very briefly—pained him when they were on the stack.

From the jeweller's shop it was only a step to the hotel. "I want to stay on," he abruptly informed the official young lady of the "Chormley Arms." "May I have the same room?"

"Certainly, sir!" said she, evidently pleased to see him again; but he was already striding for the stairs, so overmastering was his passion to have the writing-pad on his knees.

Nearly two hours passed. Seated in the saddlebag arm-chair in the middle of that inspiring bedroom, his feet on a copper coal-scuttle, and his face towards the window which yielded the best view of the Tileries stack, he had worked his pencil almost without pause. The carpet was littered with manuscript.

Then came the salubrious relief of a knock at the door, though he did not regard it in that light. He glared

round with a frown that would have awed a regiment.

"Deuce take you, Minnie!" he shouted at the opening door. "Can't you leave a fellow alone?"

But he jumped to his feet the next moment, upsetting the coal-scuttle, and met Mr. Westcott's solemn entrance with a boisterous laugh.

"What a joke to take you for her!" he cried. "So sorry! The resemblance isn't striking, though. I'm going awfully strong. Can't give you more than a minute or two. How are you, sir?"

Mr. Westcott shook hands dubiously. He had come to condole and congratulate, not for this kind of levity.

It would not have surprised him to find Jimmie in bed, with whisky and a siphon at his side, in the mistaken London belief that shocked nerves could be thus brought to their normal state of ease. But Jimmie with a strange girl's name on his lips in the midst of such tokens of industry was a real and bad surprise.

"Did you say 'Minnie,' Bishop? Minnie whom? Mr. Westcott asked very deaconishly.

"Oh, lor'!" said Jimmie, with pained eyes. "On that tack, are you, still? My dear chap, if you must know, she's the maid of the inn, and as nice a lassie—but nothing to do with me since we were kids together and sucked the same lollipop."

"I'm glad to hear it, Bishop," said the sub-editor, becoming instantly genial. "More glad than I can express to you." He tried to transfer his hand to Jimmie's shoulder for a fatherly pat, but the shoulder dodged away from him.

"I'm frightfully busy," said Jimmie, his frown returning. "What do you want?"

"Ah, youth! youth!" murmured the sub-editor. "Of what are we not capable in the twenties, Bishop? I called

here at nine-fifteen, and was told that you had returned to London, and I didn't know you had changed your mind until I met Miss Ridley ten minutes ago. I gathered from her that you and she are reconciled. She didn't exactly expatiate on the subject, but faces tell their tale, Bishop, and I was extremely pleased to"—

"Did she tell you anything about that old chimney?" asked Jimmie sharply, pointing at the stack.

"She said you went up it with a telegram for her father, and that she followed you because she thought it such a strange thing for you to do. I never was more astounded in my life. I should never have given you credit for such audacity, and I don't wonder it upset you. But I understand now." He nodded a wise head at the manuscript at his feet. "All for the sake of copy, Bishop! Well, to be sure!"

"Yes, sir, all's very well, to be sure!" said Jimmie softly. "Glad you didn't see her dad, though."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the sub-editor, with an alert look. "Why?"

"Oh, that's our business!" said Jimmie. "I don't want to be rude to you, but it is strictly *entre nous*, old chap. By Jove! by Jove! I did have a rum time up there. Foot slipped, you know, and but for him— There, now, I'm letting some cats out of the bag. It's very singular that none of you saw from here what a mess I got into, but you are such a lot of sleepy-heads, with eyes for nothing but the mud under your noses."

It was Mr. Westcott's turn now to be hungry for "copy." "Bishop!" he said, with quite a youthful glow in his own eyes, "do you mean it—that you were in really grave peril, and that but for special mercy vouchsafed"—

"Oh, just so, sir!" interrupted Jimmie. "All that sort of tommy-talk, if you like. It's a fact that if Mary hadn't come up I'd have been in Queer

Street; but that's all the detail you'll get out of me for your old Bidston rag."

"Bishop, my dear boy!" protested the sub-editor, excitedly, note-book in hand.

"It's no use!" said Jimmie impatiently. "And excuse me if I say I've had enough of this, Mr. Westcott. My time's money, the same as yours and the chief's. Dine with me to-morrow here, midday, will you? Say 'Yes,' and let me get on, there's a dear old gentleman."

The sub-editor didn't like being termed a dear old gentleman. Neither did he like the friendly but forcible way in which Jimmie urged him to the door, chattering on.

"I've simply got to turn you out, sir! It's not true religion, but I can't help that. There are many kinds of devils, and when a fellow can get five guineas a thousand for his stuff, the pen's one of the fiercest of the lot. Till to-morrow, then; and—don't be cross with me, sir!"

Another moment, and the closed door separated them. Yet another, and the key turned in the lock.

Mr. Westcott went downstairs slowly, pensive rather than cross. And after two or three deep breaths of satisfaction Jimmie resettled himself in his chair, pencil in hand. But it was several minutes before his pencil properly got going again. Other thoughts distracted him. "Yes, indeed!" he said at one time from the midst of these thoughts, "supposing she hadn't come!" And presently, with much feeling, "By Jove! it's the best bit of foolery I'm ever likely to be on to!" And lastly, "We'll live at Wimbledon; she'll like Wimbledon—dear old Mary!"

Then he bent his brows resolutely over the writing-pad, and the filled sheets soon began to resume their flight to the floor.

## THE GENTLE ART OF TEACHING ENGLISH.

To write prose is to bequeath your personality, to write poetry is to intrust your soul, to posterity. Consequently there is very little prose written and less poetry. Much verse is written and many thoughts that are all the better for not being verse are committed, to use funereal words, to paper. But so rare is the gift of transferring your earthly personality or your immortal being into formal words that great prose writers and great poets are as rare and as far divided as the stars. It is the same, indeed, with all art. Pheidias, Skopas, Praxiteles have written themselves in stone, Rafael in pencil and pigment, Beethoven in sound. The orator limns himself in the speech that perisheth, the mathematician in the law that he alone could detect. It is no mere analogic figure to say that the creator is visible in his works. From God to the humblest mechanic, Art is the mirror of a personality. Now, to realize in actual fact the potentialities for good of the sum-total of human personalities is the real end of civilization. The philosophic justification of nationalities is the fact that the almost unconscious grouping into nations gives to personality a nobler chance of development. National characteristics are facts that transcend the thunder of the conqueror and the tears of the defeated. Education must keep in mind these facts and must keep in the forefront of everything the need to develop personality.

Hence it may be asked with some pertinence why so little care is devoted in schools to the art, the very gentle art, of teaching English. Many a boy who can write quite excellent Latin prose, reeking of Tully at every turn, is totally incapable of writing even ordinary English. The school boy is not taught to express himself

on paper, and he loses in this way one of the chief advantages that school could give him. The business of secondary education is to unfold personality, and yet one of the most effective methods of doing this is largely left unused. Indeed, very often greater efforts are made in the much-abused elementary schools to mould the power of English composition<sup>1</sup> than in the secondary schools; but unhappily the school life is short, and the period during which composition is possible is so limited, that the desired educational effect is rarely secured. What the elementary school would fain do is largely and contemptuously neglected in many schools of the widest fame. Despite much talk of "modern sides" and the doling out to those who are unwise or unhappy enough to receive what is ironically called a modern education of a miserable modicum of French, German, and science, English is not in any real sense, in any sense that would appeal to an honest teacher of the Latin tongue, taught. Yet English, the best and purest English, is what the child needs, and must have, if he is in any adequate fashion to play his part in an English world. The Elizabethan teachers knew this well enough. The letters of undergraduates and other young people in that age were written in strong, nervous, musical English. The poorest prose of that period was a gentle instrument of art compared with the average writing of to-day. Mulcaster, the great Elizabethan educationalist, knew what he was about when he said, in 1582: "Our own language bears the joyful title of our liberty and freedom, the Latin remembers us of our thralldom and bondage. I love Rome, but London better; I

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. J. Eaton Feasey's valuable book entitled "Teaching Composition." (Messrs. Pitman.)

favor Italy, but England more. I honor the Latin, but I worship the English." He adds: "I do not think that any language, be it whatsoever, is better able to utter all arguments either with more pith or greater plainness than our English tongue . . . not any whit behind either the subtle Greek for crouching close, or the stately Latin for spreading fair." Professor Foster Watson, in quoting this passage,<sup>2</sup> dwells on the fact that the Elizabethans were most adequately conscious of the splendor of the tongue that they used with such immortal effect. Richard Carew's panegyric on English is itself a masterpiece. John Brinsley hit the mark when in 1612 he wrote:—

"I have heard some great learned men to complain; that there is no care had in respect to train scholars so, as they may be able to express their minds purely and readily in our own tongue, and to increase in the practice of it, as well as in the Latin or Greek; where as our chief endeavor should be for it, and that for three reasons: 1. Because that language which all sorts and conditions of men amongst us are to have most use of, both in speech and writing, is our own native tongue. 2. The purity and elegance of our own language is to be esteemed a chief part of the honor of our nation; which we all ought to advance as much as in us lieth. . . . 3. Because of those which are for a time trained up in schools, there are very few which proceed in learning, in comparison of them that follow other callings." Brinsley might have added as a fourth ground that the writing of your native language, the improving of your mind on paper, concentrates, reveals, and develops personality. But the sad business is that though in Brinsley's day there was an alternative language in the shape of Latin that offered a vehicle for thought, to-day and for more

than a century past this has not been the case. All that Brinsley argued is doubly true to-day, and yet to-day thousands of girls and boys are sent out into the world to learn the literary knowledge of their mother tongue as best they may. The national loss is enormous; the loss in clear thinking as well as in culture. The parent has indeed not only the right, but the duty to demand, if his child is at one of the seven (or is it nine?) great public schools, that he shall be taught the value, the unique force and splendor, the magnificent usefulness, the artistic values of his mother tongue. The more happy parents whose children go to less distinguished schools have the duty to ask for a similar guarantee. In the State public schools, the schools of the English nation, this is specially urgent. These schools are competent to give the children a cultured training in English literature, and are, indeed, making great efforts in this direction. But they can go further, and give the child the pen of a thinking writer and a new possibility of culture that is apparently excluded from nearly all the "Latin" schools.

It is indeed difficult to understand why schoolmasters have not taken up with enthusiasm in their schools the advanced study of English as a language. It is more capable than most languages of repaying scientific study. It is illustrated by some of the masterpieces of the world in literature. It interests in the profoundest fashion the child-mind, and that is the first step in all education. It sets before the child, if the right examples are used, the highest ideals: and idealism is the noblest stage in education. It fosters patriotism, it enlarges daily life, it gives a new interest and a new ideal to pedagogy. But, like many another gentle art, it is perverted and silenced by tradition.

<sup>2</sup> "The Beginning of the Teaching of Modern Subjects in England."

The Contemporary Review.



## FORM AND THE NOVEL.

Every now and then a reviewer, recovering a little of the enthusiasm which was his when he was young and a critic, discovers that the English novel has lost its form, that the men who to-day, a little ineffectually, bid for immortality, are burning the gods they once worshipped. They declare that the novel, because it is no longer a story travelling harmoniously from a beginning towards a middle and an end, is no longer a novel at all, that it is no more than a platform where self-expression has given place to self-proclamation. And sometimes, a little more hopefully, they venture to prophesy that soon the proud Sicambrian will worship the gods that he has burnt.

I suspect that this classical revival is not very likely to come about. True, some writers, to-day in their cradles, may yet emulate Flaubert, but they will not be Flaubert. They may take something of his subtle essence and blend it with their own; but that will create a new essence, for literature does not travel in a circle. Rather it travels along a cycloid, bending back upon itself, following the movement of man. Everything in the world in which we live conspires to alter in the mirror of literature the picture it reflects: haste, luxury, hysterical sensuousness, race-optimism and race-despair. And notably publicity, the attitude of the Press. For the time has gone when novels were written for young ladies, and told the placid love of Edwin and Angeline; nowadays the novel, growing ambitious, lays hands upon science, commerce, philosophy: we write less of moated granges, more of tea-shops and advertising agencies, for the Press is teaching the people to look to the novel for a cosmic picture of the day, for a cosmic commentary.

Evidently it was not always so. Flaubert, de Maupassant, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins (who are not a company of peers), aspired mainly "to see life sanely and to see it whole." Because they lived in days of lesser social complexity, economically speaking, they were able to use a purely narrative style, the only notable living exponent of which is Mr. Thomas Hardy. But we, less fortunate perhaps, confronted with new facts, the factory system, popular education, religious unrest, pictorial rebellion, must adapt ourselves and our books to the new spirit. I do not pretend that the movement has been sudden. Many years before *L'Education Sentimentale* was written, Stendhal had imported chaos (with genius) into the spacious 'thirties. But Stendhal was a meteor: Dostolevski and Mr. Romain Rolland had to come to break up the old narrative form, to make the road for Mr. Wells and for the younger men who attempt, not always successfully, to crush within the covers of an octavo volume the whole of the globe spinning round its axis, to express with an attitude the philosophy of life, to preach by gospel rather than by statement.

Such movements as these naturally breed a reaction, and I confess that, when faced with the novels of the "young men," so turgid, so bombastic, I turn longing eyes towards the still waters of Turgenev, sometimes even towards my first influence, now long discarded—the novels of Zola. Though the *Zeitgeist* hold my hand and bid me abandon my characters, forget that they should be people like ourselves, living, loving, dying, and this enough; though it suggests to me that I should analyze the economic state, consider what new world we are making, enlist under the banner of the "free spirits"

or of the "simple life," I think I should turn again towards the old narrative simplicities, towards the schedules of what the hero said, and of what the vicar had in his drawing-room, if I were not conscious that form evolves.

If literature be at all a living force it must evolve as much as man, and more if it is to lead him; it must establish a correspondence between itself and the uneasy souls for which it exists. So it is no longer possible to content ourselves with such as Jane Austen; we must exploit ourselves. Ashamed as we are of the novel with a purpose, we can no longer write novels without a purpose. We need to express the motion of the world rather than its contents. While the older novelists were static, we have to be kinetic: is not the picture-palace here to give us a lesson and to remind us that the waxworks which delighted our grandfathers have gone?

But evolution is not quite the same thing as revolution. I do believe that revolution is only evolution in a hurry; but revolution can be in too great a hurry, and cover itself with ridicule. When the Futurists propose to suppress the adjective, the adverb, the conjunction, and to make of literature a thing of "positive substantives" and "dynamic verbs"—when Mr. Peguy repeats over and over again the same sentence because, in his view, that is how we think—we smile. We are both right and wrong to smile, for these people express in the wrong way that which is the right thing. The modern novel has and must have a new significance. It is not enough that the novelist should be cheery as Dickens,

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or genially cynical as Thackeray, or adventurous as Fielding. The passion of men, love, hunger, patriotism, worship, all these things must now be shared between the novelist and his reader. He must collaborate with his audience, emulate the show-girls in a revue, abandon the stage, and come parading through the stalls. A new passion is born, and it is a complex of the old passions; the novelist of to-day cannot end as Montaigne, say that he goes to seek a great perhaps. He needs to be more positive, to aspire to know what we are doing with the working-class, with the Empire, the woman question, and the proper use of lentils. It is this aspiration towards truth that breaks up the old form: you cannot tell a story in a straightforward manner when you do but glimpse it through the veil of the future.

And so it goes hard with Edwin and Angeline. We have no more time to tell that love; we need to break up their simple story, to consider whether they are eugenically fitted for each other, and whether their marriage settlement has a bearing upon international finance. Inevitably we become chaotic; the thread of our story becomes tangled in the threads which bind the loves of all men. And so we must state, moralize, explain, analyze motives, because we try to fit into a steam civilization the old horse-plough of our fathers. I do not think that we shall break the old plough; now and then we may use it upon sands, but there is much good earth for it to turn.

W. L. George.

## THE HUNDRED YEARS' PEACE.

The British Committee for the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking peoples (otherwise known as the British-American Peace Centenary Committee) have issued an appeal for £50,000 to accomplish their plans. We desire heartily to commend the appeal to our readers. We have very little doubt that if Englishmen failed to subscribe the sum necessary the excellent relations between Great Britain and the United States would in some way suffer injury, because it would seem that Englishmen were not sufficiently interested, or had not enough courtesy, to express their gratitude for the prolonged maintenance of peace between themselves and their kinsmen. The objects of the Committee are already familiar, as the Duke of Teck explained them at the recent Mansion House meeting, but we may summarize them once more:—

"(1) The purchase and maintenance of the old Washington Home at Sulgrave Manor, Northants, and its dedication as a place of pilgrimage for Americans in England and as a centre of British-American educational and social effort. This property has already been secured by the Committee, and a British-American Committee of Management has been appointed of which the American Ambassador has accepted the chairmanship; but there remains to be raised a sum of £2,000 to complete the purchase, and at least £15,000 to provide a Restoration, Furnishing, and Permanent Maintenance and Endowment Fund. (2) £25,000 is required for the foundation of a permanent Chair of Anglo-American History (to be held by the best British and American historical scholars in succession) and for the endowment of a scheme of annual prizes in the elementary and secondary schools for essays on topics germane to the objects of the celebration. (3) At least £10,000

will be required for some suitable and dignified monumental record of the Centenary, for the presentation of commemorative tablets to leading civic, religious, and educational institutions of the country, and for public ceremonies and festivities at the time of the celebration, a year hence."

This programme seems to us to meet the requirements wisely at every point. To begin with, the preservation of a house full of the memories of a particular family enables a visitor to reconstitute the past and to enter into a personal relation with history at once more intimate, more reverent, and more pleasing than is possible under the more austere conditions of the ordinary public building. The windows, the old beams, perhaps a neighboring rookery, remain as Washington saw them as a boy before he dreamed that one day he would be driven to take up arms in the cause of liberty against the misguided rulers of his own land.

In the next place, the Committee have put their finger on a weak spot—which might be transformed into a link of great binding strength—in turning their attention to the common history of the two countries. Englishmen have learned out of one sort of history-book; Americans out of quite another sort. The elementary books from which American children used to be instructed have given place to something much better within recent years.

We speak, therefore, of a state of things that is happily passing away, if not almost past, when we say that those books deal at excessive length with the fatal twenty years of strife between the two countries. It was not unnatural, of course, though it was most regrettable, that American children should have been brought up to believe that the war which England waged against her colonies was a war

declared out of settled conviction by incorrigible oppressors, instead of having been the war of one political party headed by an obstinate King and an amiable and well-meaning but nerveless Prime Minister. The blame is not, however, by any means all on the side of American writers of history. If in America the sincere and continuous protests of the Whigs are left almost out of account, what, on our side, has the average English child been taught about our errors in the war which ended with the Treaty of Ghent, the Treaty of a hundred years ago? Very little, we fear. Yet here is an instance in which we ought to have blamed ourselves freely instead of slurring over the period. Mr. Asquith said in his speech at the Mansion House that the Treaty of Ghent was unique in this respect, that it ignored all the causes of the war. The fact was that the conditions had changed during the war, and that the grievances which had caused Americans to declare war—impressment, search, and violation of neutral rights—had virtually passed away before the war was over. Meanwhile loathing of the war had worked so forcibly in the minds of the people of both nations that they demanded an end of it in advance of the tardier resolutions of their statesmen. Popular passion—the passion for peace, a rarer but finer thing than the passion for war—was superior to diplomacy.

The history of that war which began in 1812 is really the most pertinent of warnings, because, if war could ever conceivably break out again between Great Britain and the United States, Canada would almost certainly be the cause. Canada was not, of course, primarily the cause in 1812, but it was the practical objective of the American Army, as it would be again. The main cause of the war was the unjustifiable embargo which Great Britain placed on American trade with

Europe in order that Napoleon's foreign supplies might be reduced. American ships were even ordered to call at British ports and pay duties. The United States answered with their policy of "Non-intercourse." The American statesmen really believed, with results disastrous to themselves, that they could make Great Britain feel the pinch of starvation, and they declared all foreign commerce to be illegal. They had no regular Navy with which to fight, and when they declared war on Great Britain all they could do was to try to send their Army across the Canadian frontier. The fighting was more serious in the Niagara district than anywhere else; but the British troops in Canada not only easily held their own, but were able to penetrate into American territory. The first abdication of Napoleon in 1814 enabled Great Britain to turn more of her attention to America, and the combined naval and military attack on Louisiana was the immediate result. Americans will always be proud of the manner in which Andrew Jackson repelled that assault. If only the combatants had known it, however, the Peace Treaty had been signed at Ghent a fortnight before. Although there was no adequate American Navy—the Americans had failed to establish one in the War of Independence, relying rather on privateersmen like Paul Jones—single American frigates displayed a fine seamanship and a high fighting power that provided perhaps the most striking achievements in the whole war. One reason why impressment was not mentioned in the Treaty no doubt was that American sailors had found that they could very well look after themselves. In any case, Great Britain never again tried to impress Americans. We said that the fighting of the American frigates was the most remarkable thing in the war. In a technical sense that is true. But,

after all, the most startling event to remember nowadays is that only a hundred years ago Washington was burned by the British. To examine in unison the common sources of our history, then the great bursting asunder of the main stream, and finally the parallel flow of the divided streams which feed one another to an ever-increasing extent with cross-tributaries—surely this is a splendid and imposing work for the Anglo-American historians of the future.

As for monuments in memory of the hundred years' peace, we should like above all things to see a statue of Washington in Westminster Abbey. Washington, born an Englishman, can be commemorated there without any straining whatever of national propriety. But we hope that others besides Washington will appear in stone or bronze to attract the inquiries of the passer-by. Englishmen are as proud of the great men of America as Americans themselves are. We certainly ought to have a statue of Lincoln, that genius and perfect embodiment of what may be called the Anglo-Saxon temper. We are glad to know that it is proposed to have in London a replica of Saint Gaudens's fine statue in Lincoln Park at Chicago. Democracy of the English type has no better

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representative than Lincoln. He was a man of the people to whose memory the people and their leaders may well look for guidance and inspiration.

At the Mansion House meeting the Archbishop of Canterbury most aptly quoted some charming and precocious lines written by F. W. H. Myers, when he was a schoolboy, on the visit of the Prince of Wales (the late King Edward) to the grave of Washington. Let us add to that quotation some of the graceful and more mature lines in which Myers saw a vision of the Anglo-Saxon spirit fulfilling itself in the growth of the United States:—

"Ah, what imperial force of fate

Links our one race in high emprise!

Nor aught henceforth can separate

Those glories mingling as they rise;

For one in heart, as one in speech,

At last have Child and Mother

grown,—

Fair Figures! honoring each in each

A beauty kindred with her own.

Spread then, great land! thine arms  
afar,

Thy golden harvest westward roll;

Banner with banner, star with star,

Ally the tropics and the pole;—

There glows no gem than these more  
bright

From ice to fire, from sea to sea;

Blossoms no fairer flower to light

Through all thine endless empery."

## THE ROYALISTS.

Eight of us travel up to town every morning by the Great Suburban Railway. I have no politics. Gibbs is a Unionist Free Trader. Three of the others are Radicals and three Unionists. On one side of the compartment are ranged *The Daily Mail*, *The Daily Express* and *The Daily Telegraph*. Boldly confronting them are two *Daily Chronicles* and a *Daily News*. Gibbs contents himself with a *Daily Graphic*, while I choose every day the paper

with the least sensational placard.

You can imagine what the journeys are like. Filmer will put down his *Daily Express* and say with feeling, "If I could only get that infernal Welsher by the throat." Then Rodgers will lay down his *Daily News* and sneer, "What has aggravated the toadies of the Dukes to-day?" In a moment the battle is in full swing. Bennett breaks in with assertions that peace and unity will never prevail until the



Cabinet has been hanged. Chalmers makes a mild proposal for the imprisonment of the Armament Ring which is gnawing at the country's vitals. And when there has been a by-election and both sides claim the moral victory I have no doubt that the men in signal-boxes think that murder is taking place in our carriage.

However, one day Filmer made a reference to Marconi speculations which caused Rodgers to shake the dust from his feet (an easy thing on the Great Suburban line) and leave the compartment at the next station. Then Chalmers and Simcox bore down on Filmer with statistics about our booming trade. When we reached the next station, Filmer darted out of the compartment, declining to travel any longer with a set of miserable Cobdenite Little Englanders. I was horrified—not at the absence of Rodgers and Filmer, which could have been endured—but at the idea that the gaps they left in the carriage might be filled up by even worse persons than politicians. Suppose golfers took their places. On one occasion, when Gibbs had influenza, an intruder had described to us the fixing of a new carburettor to his car.

Then the great idea came to me—the formation of the Society. The next morning I went up to Filmer and Rodgers as they stood apart from us and each other on the platform and said, "Come to the others for a moment. They want to apologize to you."

They didn't, but sometimes one has to choose between the cause of peace and that of truth.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I have noticed this. Nearly all our little controversies begin in one way. Somebody says, 'I call a spade a spade and Bonar Law (or Lloyd George) a lying, treacherous scoundrel.' I propose that we form ourselves into the Society for Not Calling a Spade a Spade."

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"What do you propose to call it? 'A Royal'?" This from Gibbs, who is a master of auction bridge.

"By all means," I said. "It gives dignity and an enhanced value to a vulgar agricultural utensil. And the Society can be called 'The Royalists' for short. Its single rule is to be this, that any member speaking of any politician of the opposite Party except in terms of eulogy shall be fined ten shillings and sixpence. The fines to be divided equally between the Tariff Reform League and the Free Trade Union."

For a moment there was hesitation. Then the Opposition rejoiced at the idea of hearing the Radicals praise Law and Long, and the Radicals thought it would be ecstasy to hear panegyrics of Lloyd George and Masterman from the Unionists.

The Society was formed at once and has proved an enormous success. Peace and goodwill reign amongst us. It is a perpetual delight to see Filmer put down his *Daily Express* and with the veins bulging out from his forehead say, "That accurate and careful financier who has so immeasurably raised the status of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer"; or to hear Chalmers remark, "Sad would it be if that most honey-tongued and soft-hearted of politicians, dear F. E. Smith, should have his life ended by a British bayonet."

One or two prepare their delicate eulogies beforehand and refer to notes; but this is thought unfair. The compartment, as a whole, prefers the impromptu praise that has the air of coming from the heart.

I am thinking of offering to the House of Commons and the House of Lords free membership in The Royalists. Perhaps Messrs. Lloyd George and Leo Maxse would consent to act as perpetual Joint Presidents, with Lord Hugh Cecil and the Rev. Dr. Clifford as Chaplains.

## AMERICA IN MEXICO.

The facts as to Mr. Benton's death have not yet been fully established. It is admitted that he came in to Juarez to interview General Villa about the business losses in which the rebellion was involving him. It is also admitted that the interview was of a stormy character. According to General Villa's account, Benton, who was already known to him as a political opponent, drew his revolver. The General then seized his hand and covered him with his own weapon until the guard arrested him. A formal trial followed and Benton was executed according to martial law. On the other hand, Mr. Benton's friends maintain that he took no part whatever in politics, that it was his practice to go about unarmed, and that so far from even giving him the mockery of a military trial, Villa shot him down with his own hand. Judgment must needs remain in suspense until the discrepancies between the two accounts have been cleared up. Meanwhile we must note that General Villa, whose past reputation is none too good, has prejudiced the issue against himself by refusing to give up Mr. Benton's body.

British policy in the matter cannot be determined until it has been made clear whether Mr. Benton was a harmless and peaceable British subject brutally done to death or whether he actually took a hand in the dangerous game of Mexican politics and paid the penalty of his rashness. It is thus desirable that the facts should be placed on record as soon as possible, and the delay that has already occurred is to be regretted. But no blame attaches to the United States Consul at Juarez, who has evidently done his best to extract the truth from guerrilleros none too anxious to tell it. If the British Consul at the Texan port of Galveston is more successful, if and when he

reaches the scene of the crime, that will only be because his arrival will have convinced Villa of the seriousness of his conduct. Meanwhile it is only fair to state explicitly that not the slightest suspicion can attach to the good faith and zeal of President Wilson, Mr. Bryan, or their subordinates.

Whatever the truth may prove to be, it is certain that the execution of a British subject cannot be hushed up. A point of national honor is at stake. Our prestige throughout the American continent demands that a full and satisfactory investigation shall be made, and the fullest compensation be rendered for any outrage committed on the name of Britain in the person of one of her people. It may be as well to remind the Foreign Office that its actions are studied in Canada with a critical and none too friendly eye, and that Canada has considerable interests in Mexico. But when we put the question what action should be taken, difficulties arise. The strictly correct diplomatic course would be to protest to General Huerta, whom Britain has recognized as head of the Mexican Government. But, though Huerta would certainly express his regrets and would probably pay compensation, how can he bring the murderers to justice? How can he even investigate the facts and decide whether a murder has actually been committed? Villa is in rebellion against his authority and is not likely to take the slightest notice of his decrees. Moreover, respect for the Monroe doctrine will more probably induce Britain to invite the United States to discharge this admitted responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners on the American continent. But what is General Villa's position vis-à-vis the States? To us he is a rebel because we have recognized the Huertist Government. But to the

States he is not a rebel, because Washington knows no constituted authority in Mexico against which rebellion can be raised. But neither is he a belligerent, and still less himself a member of any recognized Government. So far as we can see he is simply a Mexican subject to whom American citizens have been permitted to sell arms. Villa's precise status is of importance. He claims to have put Mr. Benton to death under martial law as understood internationally. Had he, then, authority to proclaim martial law? The matter is one which can well give rise to a prolonged and inconclusive triangular correspondence between London, Washington, and Mexico City. It is not in this way that British prestige is likely to be maintained.

The difficulty of the diplomatic situation justifies a very cautious policy, but caution could hardly have been pushed further than it has been in the policy actually adopted. According to the statement made by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Commons nothing whatever has been done in Mexico, and though a British consular officer is under instructions to proceed to Juarez, it is not yet considered safe for him to go. Meanwhile the British Ambassador in Washington has addressed an inquiry to the State Department, and Sir Edward Grey was careful to explain that even this was only done because the United States Government was likely to know what was happening near the American frontier. Mr. Bryan at once issued instructions to his local consular officers, and implied that this was all that could be expected of him. Indeed, he expressly disclaimed all responsibility for Villa's actions. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice suggested that the killing of foreigners was likely to create a bad impression in Europe. To this Mr. Bryan only replied that full inquiry would be

made. The statement was not complete; Sir Edward Grey added that further communications were passing between London and Washington and his reply to a further question hinted that these were couched in rather stronger terms. But at best we are compelled to draw conclusions from slight—in our view too slight—evidence. There is one point, however, which stands out from the facts before us, and that is the attitude of aloofness taken up by the United States and apparently accepted by ourselves. This attitude is the more remarkable in view of the significant statement made by the Foreign Secretary that the American Government has, at our request, already cautioned the Constitutionalist leaders. It may be observed in passing that Sir Edward Grey acts rather curiously in giving the name Constitutionlists to rebels against a Government which he has recognized as Constitutional.

But we have no desire to make verbal points. What is important is that the United States have officially, and on behalf of a European Power, made representations to Villa and his friends. When it is remembered that the States are also supplying these same men with weapons and munitions Mr. Bryan's tone of irresponsibility becomes hard to understand. You cannot arm a man, impress upon him what he must not do, and then say that it is nothing to do with you if he disregards your instructions. It seems to us perfectly clear that Mr. Bryan, having once consented to convey an expression of British wishes to General Villa, cannot now maintain that his function is limited to inquiry. For this reason we cannot altogether approve of the terms in which the British Ambassador made his first representation. It should, we think, have been made obvious that we expect something more from the United

States than expressions of pious hope or equally pious regret.

Our plea for somewhat more energetic action at Washington is not based only upon the fact that the American Government has entered into some sort of official relation with Villa and is thus not wholly unconcerned in his conduct. The general position would be the same if Mr. Benton had been murdered by some unknown robber. In the last resort his death is a consequence of the anarchy which has prevailed in Mexico for the last eleven months, and for that anarchy the States must undoubtedly bear some share of responsibility. President Wilson's policy has been to give General Huerta enough rope to hang himself. He has deliberately allowed the Mexican situation to go from bad to worse as the easiest means of inducing the Mexicans to get rid of a President to whom he objected. That this policy has quickened and prolonged the rebellion in the northern States of Mexico is admitted, and the connection between the rebellion and Mr. Benton's death is obvious. It is this fact which gives such an offensive touch to the suggestion made in the American Press that the only proper person to whom Britain can complain is General Huerta. It is certainly through no fault of ours that Huerta has not been able to establish order in Northern Mexico; and it cannot be denied that the recent removal of the embargo on the export of arms from the States has intensified the disorder which has now culminated in Mr. Benton's death.

For this reason we consider that the time has come when the British

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Government should call the attention of the United States to the consequences of their policy. For all we know the further communications of which Sir Edward Grey spoke may have been to this effect, but even in the later and more vigorous instructions sent to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice there is no hint that Britain regards the States as in any way to blame. If that is the view of the British Government, it is not endorsed by British opinion. Without suggesting that the public mind has become exasperated, and without the least wish to embarrass the diplomatists, we must point out to the American people that Britain looks to them to say how long the present deplorable condition of affairs is to continue. In Britain alone, we think, among the countries of Europe, President Wilson's policy is regarded with sympathy. To the Germans the notion of telling the head of a foreign Government to resign without taking any steps to give effect to such strong language appears too ludicrous for criticism. In Britain, on the contrary, President Wilson's earnest desire for peace has been appreciated and the many inconveniences resulting from his policy of watchful waiting patiently endured. The end of it is that when a British subject is murdered the American State Department turns its official eye elsewhere. The death of Mr. Benton has brought affairs to a climax and the time has come when the United States should declare just what steps they propose to take for the maintenance of the decencies of civilized life in a country in which they have predominant interests.

**"GOD'S CRUCIBLE."**

There are plays enough in the world's repertory that deal with the call of nationality. They lie in wait for the student in all the more inaccessible languages of Europe. You may take your choice between Irish and modern Greek, and among the dramatists one must reckon the crowned heads with the men who died by hanging. On these shelves of the library slumbers the romantic tradition, nodding uneasily since it exchanged its brigand's disguise for a neat uniform. There is little fresh inspiration, one fears, to be drawn from it to-day. Men will go on shooting and being shot for nationality, but the singing is commonly over when the shooting is done by trained troops in volleys. But there are virgin possibilities in the opposite idea. It is not, indeed, a new idea, and it has already gone through many incarnations. Anacharsis Clootz had a notable way of preaching it, but there was no drama in it. The brotherhood of man and the fusion of races, for all its claims as an ethical conception, has inspired little in literature above the level of didactic verse, and its dulness in literature is paralleled by its sterility in action. It has set no armies marching; it has nerved no regicide's arm; one cannot even say of it that it has turned a thumbscrew. It was for something less and more than the brotherhood of man that the Dutch cut their dykes, and the Russians burned Moscow. It is doubtful whether it can even claim the guillotine as its invention. And yet in the modern world it has clashed with the idea of nationality, and their conflict must somewhere have developed drama. The patriot of one of the minor races of Central Europe who turns from his cult of nationality to embrace Social-

ism must experience something of it—the Czech artizan who sings the "International" with German "comrades," the Magyar who joins himself to Slavs, those Russians who, mid-way in the Manchurian war, publicly fell on the necks of the Japanese delegates at the Amsterdam Socialist Congress. To all of these the stark intellectual idea of human brotherhood has appeared as a living force which could tame the nerves, bridle the speech, and vanquish the insurgent blood of a body cradled in the mother-thought of nationality. There came, however, no drama out of this. Mr. Zangwill, for the first time, has found it in the situation of a Jewish immigrant in New York.

It is a great theme which has made the idea of "The Melting-Pot." The early nineteenth century thought of romance as a blind bat which haunted ruins by twilight. Its romance clung to the Old World as ghosts will haunt a mouldering house. But what a romance of broad spaces and daring wills belongs to the New World. For it, what ships have left a fear to chase an illusion. What quest of Holy Grail was ever more devout than the pursuit of freedom in which generations have crossed the Atlantic? There is no ending to that pilgrimage of boats, and the last emigrant ship from Hamburg laden with Russian Jews chases the same rainbow as the English "Mayflower." The States open their doors to these children of Israel, and the problem that begins for them is not the conquest of the Philistines, but the struggle between the nationalist idea that comes with them from darkened Ghettoes and the new thought of fusion and brotherhood with all the millions of mankind who, with them, have voyaged after freedom and fortune.



How much of the old isolation will survive the new conditions? Will there be Gentile and Jew where all are equal citizens of a Republic? When the Jew meets the peasant of Connaught and the Armenian of Turkey, will each still remember the secular division, or blend into a new race of freemen with all the proletariat which has fled from feudal villages and unfree towns? We seldom hear these questions asked, save in accents of regret. Something must be lost in the process of fusion and assimilation. The literary man instinctively laments. He is always the man with the muck-rake, who is sure of the value of the fragment fallen in the dust. The Jew of Mr. Zangwill's play has seen the crown above him, and thinks of fusion not as loss but as gain, a something positive, a realization of brotherhood.

A more conventional dramatist than Mr. Zangwill would present the conflict between the idea of race and the idea of brotherhood in a form more dialectical. Mr. Zangwill makes of it a moving personal drama. He shows us a typical Jewish family in New York which presents the three phases of assimilation—or shall we rather say fusion. The old grandmother, brilliantly played at the performance of "The Play Actors" by Miss Inez Bensusan, is a wizened crone, who speaks only Yiddish, pores over her Hebrew books, and puts all the force of her hardened yet emotional nature into the minute observance of every jot and tittle of the ceremonial law. Her home is still a Ghetto of the Russian Pale, though fate and family ties have transported her to New York. Her son, Mendel Quixano, is a second-rate musician, polished into an outward conformity with Gentile manners. He reluctantly gives his piano-lessons and conducts his theatre-orchestra on the Sabbath, forgets the ritual about food and

household tasks, or observes it only to please the old lady. But he uses "Gentile" as a term of abuse, and is sincerely horrified at the thought of a mixed marriage between a Jew and a Christian. His nephew, David, belongs to the younger generation. He came to the land of promise while still a lad. He thought of the Old World behind him as nothing but a nightmare of massacres and oppressions. He is on fire with the idea that the States, with all their turmoil of mingling races, are "God's crucible," in which Latin and Teuton, English and Irish, Jew and Gentile, are to be fused by love and liberty into a great new race of free men. He is the idealist Jew whom we have learned to reverence in so many of Mr. Zangwill's books, and he is also the artist Jew. His imagination, on fire with this dream, translates it into the great music of an American symphony.

Here is the material of the drama, and conflict comes, of course, when a fascinating Christian lady, herself a revolutionary exile from Russia, falls in love with David. Mr. Zangwill wholly refuses to base the difficulty on any atavistic scruple in David's brain. Nor will he present as venerable or enthralling the traditional ties which hold him to the religion of his fathers. He relegates all that to the comic relief. Instead of the awful shadow of a world-old religion, he gives us little but its rather ridiculous conventions. The old lady comes skipping over the stage in a false nose, while David, to humor her, plays a Purim jig. The conflict arises from David's past. As a boy in Kishineff, he had seen mother, father, and sister slaughtered in the pogrom; he still carries a bullet in his shoulder-blade, and there haunts him with all the realism of a hallucination, the face and form of the Russian officer who presided over the massacre. With this hideous background,

there inevitably develops a Romeo and Juliet situation. The officer was his Russian fiancée's father, a military reactionary of the old school, stiff with honor and prejudice, talking to women as if they were recruits on the drill ground, and poisoned to the roots of his Christian soul with a Jew-hatred that saw red. David is presently confronted in the flesh with the face of his hallucination, and in the strain of the encounter forgets his dreams of the melting pot, abandons Vera, and returns to his family and the false noses and the Purim jigs. It is the performance of his symphony in the last act which brings him back to his immigrant's dream: From a high New York roof-garden he sees "God's crucible" again as the sunset reddens the multitudinous city, and the memory of hate falls from him as Vera, the butcher's daughter, gives him the Easter kiss of peace.

It is a deeply interesting and original play that Mr. Zangwill has written round this novel theme. He draws from it, especially in the third act, some powerful and moving situations. Drama there is in it, tense and stirring, and almost too piquant. So much of it is strong and sincere that one resents, perhaps unduly, its obvious weaknesses. The first act is a mere preface, and the last a mere conclusion, and both are below the technical level of the rest of the play. There is in some of the dialogue so much of Mr. Zangwill's incisive illuminating wit that one regrets the lapses into conventional humor when the Irish maid-servant is on the stage. More difficult to explain in the work of a writer whose sense of the ridiculous is so uncomfortably keen, is the crudity of David's rhetoric, when he gives away to an almost lyrical enthusiasm before the Stars and Stripes. It may be true to life. A very young man, half-educated, and suddenly

transplanted from the Ghetto of Kishineff into the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, would be quite likely to talk in this simple-minded and bombastic way. But the hearer smiles rather painfully at such *naïveté*. It is again quite in keeping with probability that a youth who had come with mind seared and nerves shattered out of a pogrom, should behave with little dignity and give way to an emotion which seemed, as Mr. Chapin played it, decidedly neurotic. But the more this pathological element is emphasized, the less impressed are we by the idea of the play. "God's crucible" is apt to sound like the cry of overwrought nerves. It ceases to be a grandiose idea, and becomes instead the emotional counterpart to the pogrom. No less does one feel that Mr. Zangwill evades something of the deep interest of his problem when the obstacle to the fusion of the two lovers in the "melting-pot" is not in the crisis the ideal barrier of creeds and traditions, but the accidental coincidence that the butcher of Kishineff was the Christian Vera's father. What "The Melting Pot" loses here as a drama of ideas, it gains, however, as a play of passion. Much of its best work lies beyond these criticisms—the dainty satire of the Baroness's portrait, the strong and rather savage drawing of the Russian Baron, the wholly delightful if more conventional sketch of a German musician, three parts which stimulated Miss Scaife, Mr. Leyton, and Mr. Alderson to finished and spirited renderings. The play is evidently too good for the British public to see, but we are not sure that it was quite good enough for Mr. Zangwill to write. His wit and his idealism give it movement, sincerity, and life. It has keen observation, and rises to a sustained dramatic crisis. Its weaknesses mean uneven workmanship, and a flagging of the critical in-

stinct rather than any failure of inspiration. It is, when all is said, a new thing in the world's repertory, a

play round an idea that had lain sterile before, a genuine act of creation.

The Nation.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "Adventures of the Infallible Godahl" by Frederick I. Anderson, readers of stories of crime will find a new Raffles, as ingenious and daring as the original, and going far to justify the adjective applied to him by the success which crowns his adventures. There are half a dozen stories in all,—all of them laid in New York, and showing an intimate knowledge of both the lighter and the seamier aspects of life in the metropolis. The stories are told with spirit, and with a sense of humor which lightens their darker aspects; and more than one amateur Sherlock Holmes will find himself baffled by their mysteries. There are eight illustrations. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

All of the twenty-five essays which make up Zephine Humphreys' "The Edge of the Woods and Other Papers" (Fleming H. Revell Co.) have been published previously in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Magazine* or other periodicals, but this fact does not at all diminish the force of the appeal which they make, as collected in this attractive volume. Some of them are deeply imbued with the love of Nature and express the joy of out-of-doors with an intimate observation and a buoyancy which suggest John Burroughs at his sunniest. Some are equally alert and true as studies of human nature. In some the serious note dominates; in others there is a gay yet delicate humor. But, whatever the theme, they are all genuine and unstrained; and lovers of essays will read them thoughtfully and with delight.

Mr. Philo Adams Otis, who has been a member of the Committee on Music of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago since 1874, is the author of a history of the church,—the oldest organization in that city—which fills an octavo volume of about three hundred pages, and is fully illustrated. The book is of more than ordinary interest, because it goes back almost to the beginning of Chicago itself. The church had its origin in a prayer meeting and Sunday School started in an unfinished building near Fort Dearborn, in 1832; the next year, the church was organized; and in 1834 its first house of worship was dedicated, a plain frame structure, built at a cost of \$600. Mr. Otis traces the history of the church from that year to 1913 with affectionate attention to detail, describing its growth, under different pastorates, the careers of its pastors, its absorption of other churches, and its present activities and wide field of usefulness. The author's keen interest in music, and his forty years of personal identification with that department of the church's activities lead him to make his book a double history of "pulpit and choir." Among the illustrations are numerous portraits.

The dozen and a half brief essays which are included in Arthur E. Bostwick's "Earmarks of Literature" (A. C. McClurg & Co.) are the fruit in part of years of experience as Librarian of the St. Louis Public Library, but more of a personal love of books and appreciation of their value. It is perhaps not quite accurate to describe them as

essays, for they were prepared as lectures to training classes in library work and they have a terseness and directness not common in the essay form of literature. The temper in which they are written is accurately indicated in the conclusion reached, namely: "Know books; love books—and be their possessor." This is really the key note of the book, though it comes upon the last page; and all the chapters are in harmony with it. From the early chapters on the nature of literature, and the clearness and appropriateness of style to that on "the sampling of literature" or the gentle art of browsing through books, the modest volume appeals to the average reader by its good sense and by the absence of affectation or ponderousness.

The main ingredients of George Middleton's comedy "Nowadays" (Henry Holt & Co.) are a crabbed and ultra-conservative father, a more or less docile but aspiring mother, a daringly-independent daughter, and a shiftless and no-account son. These are not all the characters: there is a lover for the daughter, a wife for the son, and an old-time artist friend for the mother,—but the reader whose scent is keen for scandals will be disappointed. The play deals with the modern problems of social and domestic unrest, but it does so decorously though dully. None of the characters seem very real, but they may become more alive when the play is staged. The scene in which the daughter reverses the conventions and proposes marriage to the young man who loves her, but has hesitated to ask her to be his wife, is one of the prettiest in the play.

"The Commuter's Garden" by W. B. Hayward (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) is a delightful little book, which the average dweller in Suburbia, who is de-

sirous of making the most of his opportunities, will find to be worth its modest price a good many times over. It is the fruit of actual personal experience, told with a sense of humor, but with the dominating purpose of enabling brother Commuters to profit both by the mistakes and the successes of the writer. It gives practical directions about the care of lawns, the cultivation of the common garden flowers, the setting out of hedges, the handling of bulbs, the laying out of a garden, the selection of shrubs, the care of fruit trees, the gentle art of pruning, and last, but by no means the least important, the art of making hens lay, and the profitable results which may follow the keeping of bees. Apropos of this last, there is an amusing tale of an exuberant young guest from the city, who, noticing the unusual flavor of the Commuter's honey, said naively "I see that you keep a bee" and was appalled to find that, in coming up the garden path, she had passed hives containing about a million bees. The hints about chicken-breeding and chicken-feeding should be especially useful in view of the soaring cost of eggs. A dozen or more half-tone illustrations decorate the book.

The title of Wilfred Whitten's "A Londoner's London" (Small, Maynard & Co.) well describes the book, which is not the record of the hasty observations of a passing tourist, but the descriptions and reflections of one who knows London intimately from end to end, and not only the London of to-day, but the London of yesterday and the day before,—the London rich in historical, personal and literary associations. Of these, Mr. Whitten writes, not in any catalogue fashion, nor in the style of a compiler of guide-books, but with close and affectionate interest, as one might stroll with a friend through familiar streets and lanes and talk of those who walked through

them or lived in them long ago, and the things that made them beloved or famous or interesting. In his almost provokingly brief preface, Mr. Whitten remarks that the Londoner's true London is the sum of his own tracks in the maze, the town in which, by hap, he has most often eaten his bread and thought his thoughts; and he adds: "Samuel Butler remarks in his published note-books that he was more in Fetter Lane than in any other street of London, and that Lincoln's Inn Fields, the British Museum, the Strand, Fleet Street and the Embankment came next. This is a very small London, to which my own adds the City, the northern suburbs, and those more national regions of Westminster and the Parks which may be called Everyman's." This describes fairly the range of Mr. Whitten's London, but it leaves the reader to find out for himself how delightfully descriptive and reminiscent the book is. Also, it does not touch upon the charms of the twenty or thirty quaint illustrations which adorn the book. Altogether, we have here a volume which commends itself almost equally to those who know London well, to those who are planning to visit it, and to those who must know it only through books.

Many have been the mutations in the theory and practice of dramatists, actors, and managers since "Owen Meredith" wrote his "*Aux Italiens*," little dreaming that he should one day succeed to a peerage and become the target, as "the greatest of all the viceroys," for the gentle ridicule of a poet and novelist then unborn. Those changes as fast as they occurred in England, were reflected on the American stage, and in his "*Studies in Stage-Craft*," Mr. Clayton Hamilton gives an account of them. The book is constructed on the same plan as his "*The Theory of the Theatre*" and is

composed of studies of the passing show, recently contributed to various magazines, and now revised, and rearranged. Having been steadily occupied in this work of criticism and self-criticism, Mr. Hamilton is peculiarly well qualified to estimate the result of his methodically conducted toil, and his readers will find themselves in the hands of a master. He has studied thousands of audiences, and he finds that audiences composed of the best material are perfectly content with the provision made for them by the present theatre. "The only immorality of which art is really capable is the immorality of bearing false witness against life," he cries. He defends the moving picture-play with Stevenson's arguments in behalf of the story and the novel of adventure, and really, what adventure could be more wild, more abounding in possibilities? For an instant, the scenes come like shadows, and depart, swallowed up by the darkness mechanically produced, like that "Mrs. Bassett" of whom Mr. Kipling writes. Her lover haunted a moving picture show, for the consolation of the single second during which her image came into his field of vision, and fled away without announcing its message. In another Kipling story, a spectator sees the solution of a mystery apparently concealed in a vast desert, but exposed by the chance snap of a passing camera. The thing is omniscient, omnipresent, not to be evaded. But Mr. Hamilton cannot quite content himself with actualities. As for the function of criticism he comes back to Matthew Arnold's demand for the best "that is known and thought in the world." The last word of "*Studies in Stage-Craft*" is "The critic is not only an expositor of the best that has been done; but also a herald and annunciator of the best that is to be." Henry Holt & Co.